THE SURVEY

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CONTENTS

COVER DESIGN . *Drawing by Wilfred Jones*
FRONTISPIECE . . *Painting by James Chapin* 356
WHY WE ARE HUNGRY FOR A PHILOSOPHY . . . . . *H. A. Overstreet* 357
UP FROM THE CITY STREETS . . . . . *Photo Studies by Lewis W. Hine* 361
THE MIND IN THE BREAKING . . . . . *Haven Emerson, M.D.* 366
AS THE ROMANS DO . . . . . *Eleanor Rowland Wembridge* 370
ELEANOR McMAIN—ONE OF THE PIONEERS . . . . . *Bradley Buell* 374
OSBORNE UNDER FIRE . *Frank Tannenbaum* 378
CARRYING WATER ON BOTH SHOULDERS . . . . . *Florence E. Allen* 382
WHAT NEXT IN INDIA? . *N. B. Parulekar* 384
BUY AN APPLE . *Drawing by Winold Reiss* 388
SHALL WE STICK TO THE AMERICAN DOLE? . . . . . *Helen Hall* 389
WHAT DO YOU MEAN—CIVILIZED? . . . . . *John Palmer Gavit* 393
LETTERS & LIFE . *Edited by Leon Whipple* 395
INDEX TO ADVERTISERS 404
TRAVELER'S NOTEBOOK 406

The Gist of It

FROM his chair of philosophy at the College of the City of New York, PROFESSOR HARRY OVERSTREET gets out into the thick of life and has become one of the most stimulating schoolmasters to people everywhere in bringing the newer philosophy to bear on the vicissitudes of modern existence. In a brilliant article on page 357 he discusses our common longing for a meaning to life in the face of the gloomy asservations of writers who see despair eating the heart out of present-day civilization. He has an answer for the question, Is life worth while? He is the author of Influencing Human Behavior, and About Ourselves, and this fall has been up to his elbows in a new volume, The Enduring Quest.

TWENTY years ago LEWIS W. HINE appeared at the gates of various southern mills carrying what appeared to be a cheap little tripod camera for taking tintypes. He was admitted without question—and came out again with scores of pictures of boys and girls down to seven years of age, snapped at the looms and imperishably preserved by the expensive German lens concealed in his camera. His pictures offered a sort of evidence that even the doubting South had to accept as to the facts of child labor. Since then, as a social photographer, he has descended to the bottom of coal mines, and risen to great heights—in this issue 102 stories, where he clung, at first half-sick and white, to the steel beams of the highest building in the world to "shoot" the unconcerned workers at their jobs. Page 361.

PHYSICIAN, health officer, professor of public-health administration at Columbia University, associate editor of Survey Graphic, DR. HAVEN EMERSON discusses on page 366 The Mind in the Breaking from broad experience and with sweeping understanding of those newer agencies of health in the mental field through which "we may separate our friends into the well and the not-so-well."

STEVE and Mike, Sam and Illy, Jane and John—there's no need to introduce to Graphic readers the cast of ELEANOR ROWLAND WEMBRIDGE'S bright company of everyday American boys and girls, in and out of court, of jail, of love, of luck. Here (page 370) Mike and Maria join the company and "whether Mike led Maria astray or whether it was Maria who tempted Mike," neither author nor editor nor police nor even the great god Pan can say for sure.

THE old Kingsley House with its friendly, squeaking door, and the new House with its entire city block of buildings around a green quad tell in brick and mortar the story of the social and spiritual gift made to New Orleans by Eleanor McMain, "one of the pioneers." That Miss McMain lies sorely stricken at the time this article appears adds poignant interest to it and to the loving care with which it was written by BRADLEY BUELL, until recently executive of the Community Chest of New Orleans, now a staff member of the Association of Community Chests and Councils. Page 374.

THE story of the conspiracy against Thomas Mott Osborne has never been fully told, for at the time of his indictment the papers were preoccupied with news of a world at war. FRANK TANNENBAUM had access to the minutes of the grand jury and to all of Mr. Osborne's papers, including the letters from his "boys." Here (page 378) he tells of the web which was spun for the purpose of putting the warden of Sing Sing behind bars as a convict in his own prison.

THE only woman in the United States who sits on a state supreme court bench, JUDGE FLORENCE E. ALLEN of Ohio writes with particular authority of the great American game of trying to "carry water on both shoulders," and of our childish surprise that the vessels slop over. Page 382.

DIRECTOR of the International Institute of India, formed "to promote cultural, educational, and social relations between India and other countries," DR. N. B. PARULEKAR returned to India about a year ago after a long stay in America. Perhaps no Hindu is better qualified to give to Americans a restrained and objective picture of the situation. Guaranteeing his sincerity while at the same time allowing for his point of view and sympathies, we present it (page 384) to speak for itself.

THE man who brought his box of apples to WINOLD REISS' studio and posed for him (page 388) has been an office man, a construction worker, and an insurance salesman who stands now on a windy corner, a shivering and ironical example of one of the ways that American industry "insures" against want the families of its unemployed workers. The artist has donated the original of the picture, roughly three feet by two, to The Survey, to be sold and the proceeds turned over to unemployment work. Buy an apple—buy a picture. What are we offered?

FIFTY years ago a group of young Oxford men, troubled by what they had heard of the working people in England's industrial districts, decided to go to the East End of London to live and learn of conditions at first hand. Since that start at Toynbee Hall, from our settlements through the years has come that fresh incentive to action which springs from knowledge gathered at the source and as the result of experience. Over a hundred neighborhood houses collaborated in the study of unemployment carried on by the National Federation of Settlements. In the original way HELEN HALL, director of University House, Philadelphia, and chairman of the committee, brings the findings to bear on the need for insurance, we find the same vivid, first-hand prompting to social change. Page 389.

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Courtesy Frank K. M. Rehn Gallery, New York

PRETZEL VENDOR

By James Chapin

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THE SURVEY
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Why We Are Hungry for a Philosophy

By H. A. OVERSTREET

DESPITE the gloomy asseverations of magazine writers who see a kind of despair eating out the heart of present-day civilization, there are many happy people among us. Scientists, as a rule, are happy. They may have their little troubles — administrative annoyances, too meager salaries, the jealousies of colleagues, domestic perplexities—but, on the whole, they are a happy lot. Apparently they are doing something that is worth doing, something of which they need not be ashamed. Inventors, as a rule, are happy. They, too, may have their annoyances and disappointments, sometimes running into months and years, but despite it all, they are happy. Artists are happy—genuine ones. Cezanne, trying experiment after experiment, casting away his canvases and trying again, was essentially a happy man. He certainly would not have changed his lot for another. Cesar Franck, dreaming in his organ loft, poverty-stricken and unnoted, was, one must suppose, essentially happy. He was in the grip of an absorbing work, and one doubts whether he ever turned self-pityingly upon himself and asked the depressing question: "Is it all worth while?"

But so, also, are some men of business happy. I know a few who are what might be called socially-minded business men. They look upon their business as their own particular point of contact with things that are worth doing. They are absorbed, let us say, in schemes of management that represent a finer relationship between employers and employes. They are happy in that absorption.

But there are also other happy business men whose ideals are perhaps less high. I cannot speak with authority, but I rather suspect that many a business man who is absorbed in what we call dollar-chasing is happy. Dollar-chasing is to him a fascinating game. He has no doubts as to its propriety. Everybody is doing it. Why should not he? He likes it—likes it so thoroughly that he eats and drinks and sleeps with it. He has no time for melancholy reflection upon the state of his soul. Life, for him, is bully.

Fanatics are happy—whether they be fanatics in religion or patriotism or militarism or pacifism. The good or the bad of the cause seems to make no difference. One doubts whether the self-sacrificing pacifist is any happier than the fire-eating militarist. Each thinks he is right, and each, absorbed in something that takes him out of himself into something that seems to have a measure of significance, is happy.

Perhaps we have here discovered the essential clue to life: "Get absorbed in something in which you deeply believe." That might be a modern substitute for the scriptural admonition: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness and all these other things will be added unto you."

And yet, one is led to pause. First, there is a queerly disturbing contradiction here. The happy people may indeed be happy in their wisdom—like the scientists and artists; or they may be happy in their folly—like the chauvinists and the persecuting fanatics. Their happiness, apparently, settles nothing as to the worth of what they are happy about.

There is, too, a deeper difficulty. Many of us who are absorbed in what we should call some fine piece of work, might, upon inquiry, confess that, happy as we are, we might yet be happier. We might confess to moments of wondering about things. Perhaps we have lost a very dear friend. Perhaps we are noting the encroachment of the years. Perhaps even the work palls a little and we wonder what, after all, it amounts to in the whole puzzling scheme of things.

In the life of many of us, stout of heart as we are and unwilling to ease ourselves with the ancient fairy-tales of religion, there seems, at times, to be something lacking. It is all very well for us to say with cheerful bravado that we have given up childish hopes, that we have no cosmic illusions, that we are quite prepared at death to accept the summary fate of being shoveled off onto the dust heap of the universe. Such fine bravado helps. We would not for a moment show concern. A shrug of the shoulders, and—farewell, old dears—it's back to the atoms! Nevertheless, bravado or no bravado, we wonder at times.

Even to say this much, however, seems sentimental to the hard-boiled indifference we have assumed. Like a patient suffering the pains of the damned, we insist that we are quite all right, thank you. Not for a moment would we

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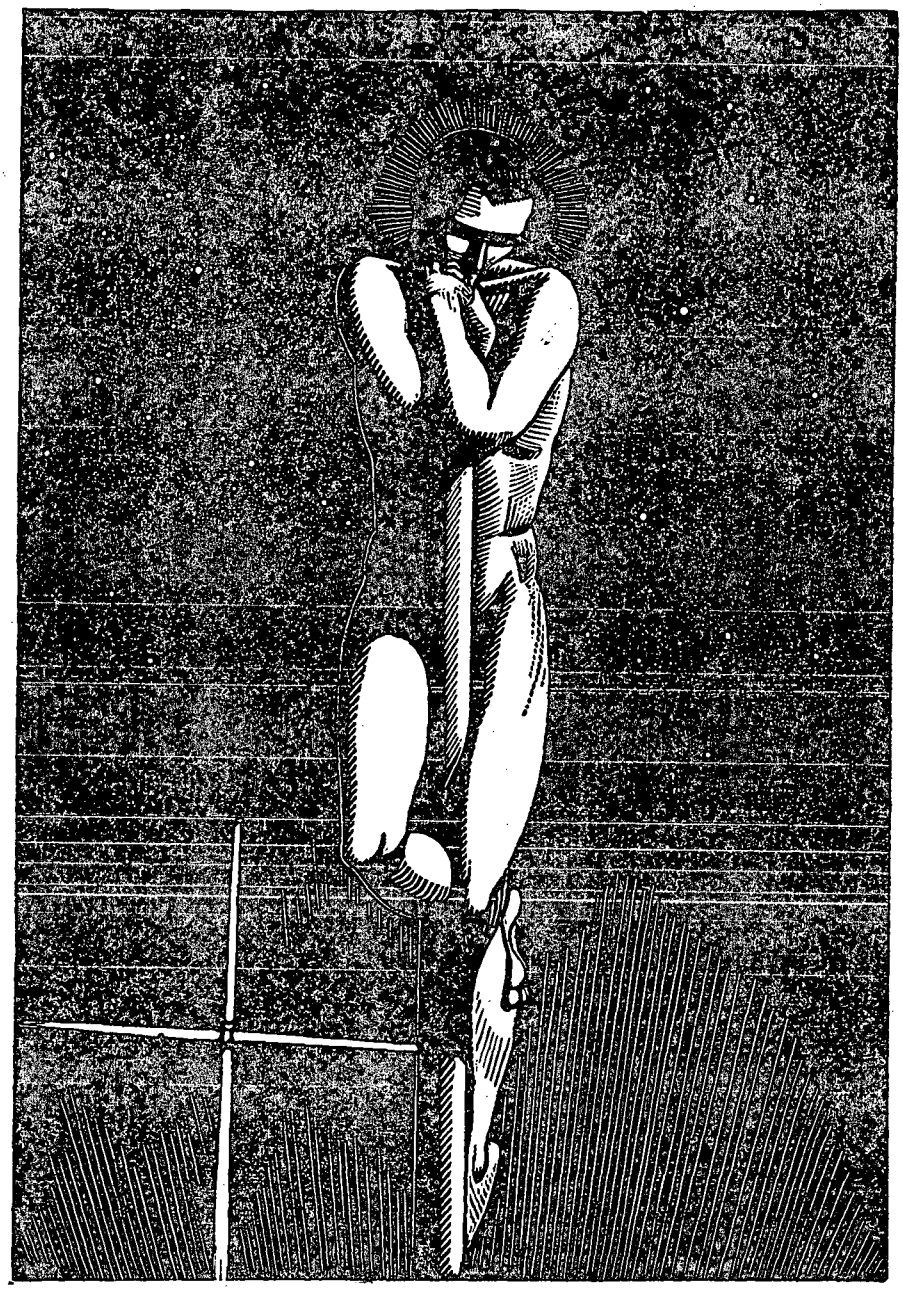

Courtesy Weyhe Gallery, New York

MASTHEAD BY ROCKWELL KENT

say it with moans. All of which is precisely as it should be among good sports. And yet it does not solve the essential issue of our life. What is this haunting sense of something lacking? What is this feeling that, happy as we may be in our special work, there is a kind of emptiness around us? What is this hunger for something which would, if it were there, give life a profounder meaning, a more thrilling sense of its being greatly worth while?

II

IT is worth recalling that for thousands of years man nourished himself on a belief in the superhuman and personalized it in friendly forms. Perhaps it is not easy to give up a belief like that and still live with exuberant happiness. Also, for thousands of years, man nourished himself on the belief that he himself was a continuing entity in the scheme of things.

We have abundant evidence of the power that that kind of belief brought into life. The Hebrew slaves rising in revolt against their masters, venturing into the uncharted wilderness, fighting a world of enemies, building a state—all because there was the ever-present belief in a power that was superhuman. The Hebrew in exile holding tenaciously to his belief even at the cost of his life. The story of Daniel in the lions' den is typical. Even though no Daniel ever existed, the thing has, in essence, been repeated so many times it might easily have happened. It seems incredible to us moderns. And yet there it was, a superhuman Power so vividly present that an individual could calmly let himself be led to the lions rather than renounce that Power. The astonishing thing about it all—even to us skeptical moderns—was that that kind of belief, wherever it manifested itself, lifted the individual above the average fears and indecisions and infused him with a courage and an energy that enabled him to do unparalleled things.

The story of Daniel is repeated thousand-fold in the early Christian martyrs—not only in the calm willingness to walk into the arena and face a horrible death for the beloved Power's sake, but in the more difficult willingness to surrender their security and possessions and live hunted lives in the catacombs.

Is all this to be set down to a curious aberration on the part of human beings? We like to say that nowadays. Perhaps it is a way in which we excuse the relative banality and unenthusiasm of our own lives. For it is only once in a long while that this kind of thing happens nowadays. Curiously enough, it happens most strikingly, not when we rise to a great love, but when, in war, we rise to consuming hatreds and fears, sheathed though they are with patriotic connotations. Then, indeed, we do superhuman things. And yet it would hardly seem that in discovering how to energize ourselves through mutual destruction we had found the clue to great living.

III

THE history of man, it seems to me, might be divided into three periods. The first we have already passed through. The second we are now passing through. The third is just at the point of beginning.

The first—I am excluding early savagedom, about which we know very little—is the period I have been describing. It is characterized essentially by a belief in the superhuman and in the unbroken continuance of individual existence. One might say that that belief gave life its fundamental motivation. The Teutonic warrior who fought with a com-

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plete abandon of courage did so because he knew that if he could die bravely on the field he would join the great gods in Valhalla, whereas if he died in his bed, he would go to a miserable place of humiliation where he would live out his days in dark misery. The Greek hero who went forth to battle at the behest of the oracle was strengthened by the conviction that great gods were watching and helping. The medieval saint who renounced the things of this world did so because of a Power that called him to super-earthly devotions.

It is significant to realize, I think, that this kind of motivation lasted for thousands of years. It produced much that was ugly and seriously detrimental to human welfare. But it also produced much that was noble and heroic. Whether noble or ugly, it supplied an energy to life, an absorption, and a courageous confidence that, on any count, is one of the most striking phenomena in the whole history of man.

The man who saw his neighbors through a powerful telescope. From N by E, text and illustrations by Rockwell Kent (Brewer & Warren. $3.50)

IV

SUDDENLY the period ended. Not wholly, of course, for in all human things there is always a carry-over that dribbles along. But in the main it ended. Why? Because increasingly men became logical. It was as if their eyes were opened to something they had all along neglected. How did those Hebrews *know* there was a god? How did those early Christians *know* that Christ was divine and that he was seated on the right hand of his Father? What right had those Greeks to assume that their oracles were anything more than the clever guesses of neurotic priests? How did the medieval saint *know* that his visions were not simply the outpourings of his own subconscious self?

The fruit of the tree of knowledge had begun to work in us. We were no longer innocent. With opened eyes we looked at the whole phantasmagoria of supernaturalism, and we saw that the *logic* was weak. The whole thing, we saw, depended upon a confidence in the technique of revelation. But how could one have confidence in revelation? Revelation might be anything from noble vision to wild delusion.

With one gesture, the pioneers of freedom of thought cast the whole thing from them. They had to start anew. How should they start? The answer is the period in which we live.

V

WE know the essential story of this period. It has its inherent nobility. It is the story of patient scientists, first suffering their martyrdom in the name of a new kind of truth, then compelling the world to do honor to this new kind of truth, and finally ruling the world with this truth.

We are rightly proud of the story. It shows man too great to hide himself indefinitely behind comforting fables or consoling faiths. It shows him with a grip on himself, with a grip on his world, and with a courage to go forth and endlessly explore.

But the story, doubtless, is only just begun. It will extend into the third period. But, first, we must recall what happened in this second period, at the close of which we now live.

Science rejected—rightly—the logic of revelation. Thereby, at one stroke, it cut itself off from the superhuman world which had been the source of man's most powerful motivation. It cut itself off, also, from any way of justifying man's own dignity and continuance in the universe. Where formerly there was free—even if a mistaken—passage into a world of supposedly greater reality—a kind of revelational ladder into heaven, on which the angels ascended and descended—there was now no passage. There was, instead, a kind of impenetrable roof over man's head that cut him off completely from anything above himself.

One can easily grow weary of gazing at an impenetrable roof over one's head. At first there might be some vague guess that something would open—a chink or a trap-door—letting in light from the heavens. But after a while, with nothing at all happening and with one's neck becoming uncomfortably cricked, one would give it up and turn to matters lower at hand. That is what happened quite naturally after the revelational ladder into the heavens had been taken away.

The past three centuries have been years in which man has turned with increasing interest and power to his own affairs. He has made an exceedingly excellent job of it. It is sometimes suggested that it was precisely this drawing of his eyes away from the roof and what lay beyond the roof that enabled him to do the masterly things he has been able to do in and with his world. No doubt that is true. And yet it is also suggested—it is becoming a commonplace to say this—that man's concern with his own affairs is in danger of being overdone, if indeed it is not already overdone. It is asserted that this is a materialistic age, one which concerns itself with acquisition of things and powers. It is pointed out that with all the glory of man's accomplishments in science and technology, the uses to which these accomplishments are put are, for the most part, fairly low. Man seems to have few ready outlets for his uninspired enthusiasms other than occasional slaughter, done in the grand style and with an accompaniment of self-justifying mendacity; competitive acquisitiveness; and, for relaxation, sentimental films and the daily scandal sheet. It is said that the younger generation, noting the futility of man's usual endeavors, have at last turned cynical. This may be doubted, as the younger generation are notoriously eager to imitate their elders. But

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the main facts seem to be as stated. The churches have thinning congregations because, even there, the conventional roof is solid overhead. Alert figures in the ministry seek for new sources of vitality to justify the church as part of man's intelligent scheme of things. But their forays, thus far, are too much at tangents to make for coherence.

VI

THERE is, of course, another side to the picture—a side too frequently neglected by the Jeremiahs of our civilization. Turning to his own affairs, man has sought to better them. In large measure, he has. While he has changed the man with the hoe into a man at a machine, he has not lowered him in so doing. The weeping social philosophers like to say that he has degraded him, taking as their one convincing example Mr. Ford's turner of endless nuts. But the weeping social philosophers are usually those who have never worked inside a factory—or, for that matter, wielded an ancient hoe. Their testimony is chiefly *a priori* and to that extent negligible. One who is willing to hold his preconceptions in leash and go forth and observe; one who even permits himself to hold converse with those supposedly questionable creatures, industrial executives, discovers very quickly that a notable improvement in working conditions of life has taken place. Indeed, one discovers that man has really become concerned about man, and, despite all the very real ugliness of competitive acquisitiveness, has managed to generate a fairly decent attitude towards the human tools he uses.

Another thing has happened. With the supernatural rules no longer in authority, man has had to make rules for himself. This has led him increasingly to find out about himself. He no longer spawns children, in the old manner of being fruitful and multiplying by the help of concubines. With a kind of conscious deliberation, he procreates few enough children to pay attention to them. Moreover, he learns rather to like them, to watch what is going on inside them, to give the small creatures a chance for their life. He is far more assiduous about what is to go into their heads and what is to come out of them in the way of achievement. He is a little ashamed now of burying them wholesale and setting up little white tombstones that record a passing tear.

Also, he has changed in his attitude towards his womenkind. They are no longer lowly sisters shaped out of a manly rib and set to play the menial part in life. They are creatures at least as good as himself. To be sure, he looks a little fearfully at their sudden eruption into his own domains, but, more and more, he takes his medicine like a good sport. If he goes to church, he lets her sit by his side. If he goes to the polls, she goes with him. At home, he even talks to her about matters that are above the level of the cookstove.

All this—and much more to the good—is to be noted. Turning away from the religious technique of revelation to the scientific technique of observation and experimentation, man has really achieved a good deal. He has built a world that, in numberless respects, is a fairer one. He may have shut himself away from great sources of superhuman power, but he has found quite unexpected powers in himself.

VII

TO some thinkers, this is the final word that is to be said. Man, having for thousands of years depended upon gods, now must depend wholly upon himself. To be sure, the outlook, in one respect, is far less bright than it was during those thousands of years. The world he is fashioning so bravely is now known, upon scientific authority, to be only an incident in a cosmic process that apparently grants it no meaning whatever. He himself is even more pathetically a passing incident. For the scientific techniques give no evidence of anything more than the rather precarious three score and ten allotted him. To be sure, out of the laboratories of the medical researchers, there now and then flickers a hope that he may some day be granted a four score and ten or even a five score. But the end is the same. Dust to dust—or, in the modern phrase, atom to atom.

One distinguished realist has made a kind of courageous philosophy out of this. Linked together in a common doom, he admonishes, let us at least be brave—and kind. That, he tells us, is the proper free man's attitude.

Bravery is, indeed, a fine thing, but one suspects that, for a steady diet, it is not enough. For there can be meaningless bravery. "Theirs not to reason why; theirs but to do and die." We tend to scoff at that nowadays. Why be brave in a stupid cause? Why then be brave in a cosmic cause that is utterly without significance?

Somehow we want more than bravery; we want *meaning*. Tell us, we seem always to be saying, that these things we do have a meaning that is enduring, and we shall go at them with all the powers of mind and body. Tell us they have no meaning beyond our small human sphere, that indeed nothing has any meaning, that the best we do is only a passing thing that fills a moment which goes nowhere, and we slacken in will.

When we say things like that we instinctively—skeptical as we are—look up to the impenetrable roof. Is there a world of reality beyond the roof? Does the clue to the meaning of life lie in that beyond?

VIII

THERE is a curiously tough-spirited band of men who still seem to think so. Skeptical, like the rest of us, of any God's voice descending out of the heavens, they have lifted up their own minds. By the sheer power of their thinking, they have sought to penetrate the apparently impenetrable above them. They, the philosophers, have wrestled with the universe that lies beyond the small circle of man's world and bidden it yield its secrets.

But always, as a matter of fact, the philosophers have failed. They have argued. From Plato on, they have spun their thoughts into elaborate linkages of premise on premise. They have sweated out their surmises until in the agony of their own effort they have believed the children of their brain to be veritable truth itself. But always man, the doubting Thomas, has shaken his head, "Where are the proofs? . . . 'Except I see the print of the nails . . . I will not believe.'"

That is where the philosophers have failed. They have, in large measure, generated a new universe out of their heads. They have seemed to have no way of *touching* that universe, of bringing it palpably to us, of letting us see it in its vaster operation. In their idealistic confidence they have often tried to inspire us with the picture of a universe powerfully unified, a universe in nature not unlike our own. They have even tried to prove to us that we ourselves are not indeed insignificant, that (*Continued on page* 404)

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"Up From the City Streets"

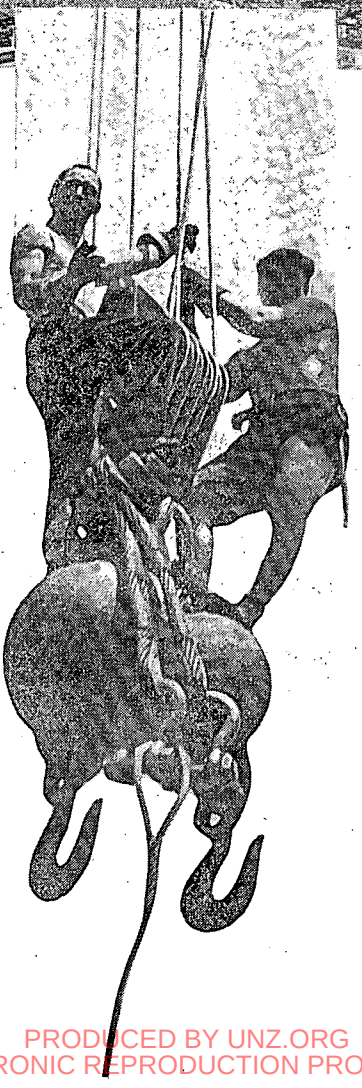

Photo Studies by

LEWIS W. HINE

Up from the city streets goes the Empire State Building in New York, just as did Alfred E. Smith, head of the corporation that is building it. And up go the industrial skymen, floor after floor. And up as they go goes that "pioneer social photographer," Lewis Hine, now a-pioneering on the derrick with the street a quarter of a mile down. "My six months of skyscraping have culminated in being pushed and pulled up on the peak of the Empire State, the highest point yet reached on a man-made structure," says Hine with pardonable breathlessness. "Growing up with a building, this way, is like the account of the strong boy (was it Hercules?) who began lifting a calf each day so that when they had both reached maturity he could shoulder the bull." Hine is full of interesting information that he has picked up, on his way up, such as that the girders are in place on the building in New York eighty hours from the time they are finished in Pittsburgh; that with an average of five thousand men employed on the building as it mounts to its 102 stories, only five men have been killed, an unusually low number. But, being Hine, he is most of all interested in the actual human beings he is photographing; he calls these workmen "the spirit of the skyscraper." Old-timers, to whom the world's highest is only the superlative degree of their regular day's work, they have eased the way for the tenderfoot pioneer. He is full of admiration for the nonchalant way in which they defy the law of gravitation. "These experiences," he says, "have given me a new zest of high adventure, and, perhaps, a different note in my pictorial interpretation of industry."—F. L. K.

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THE DERRICK-MAN

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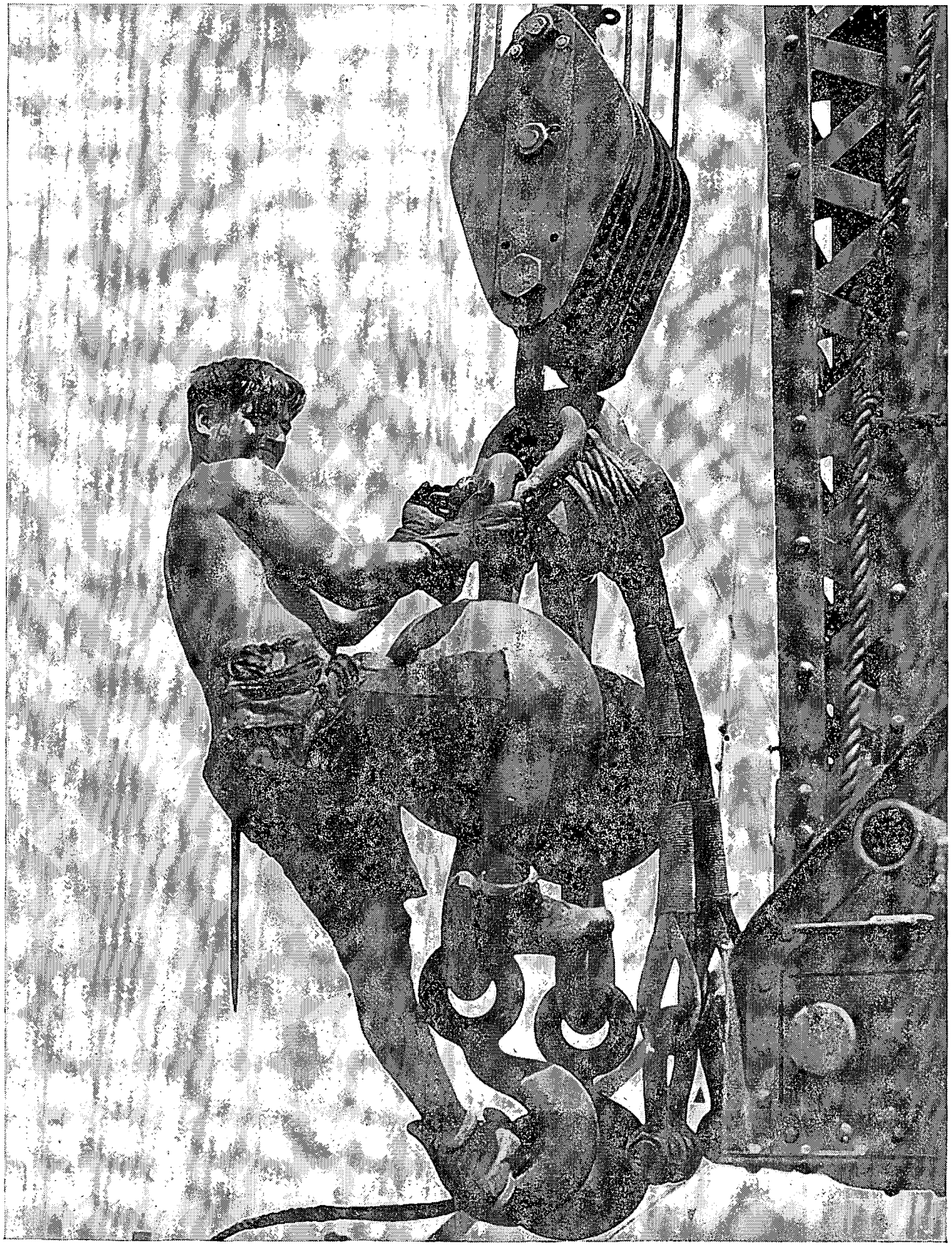

RIDING THE BALL

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HE PLUMBS THE COLUMNS

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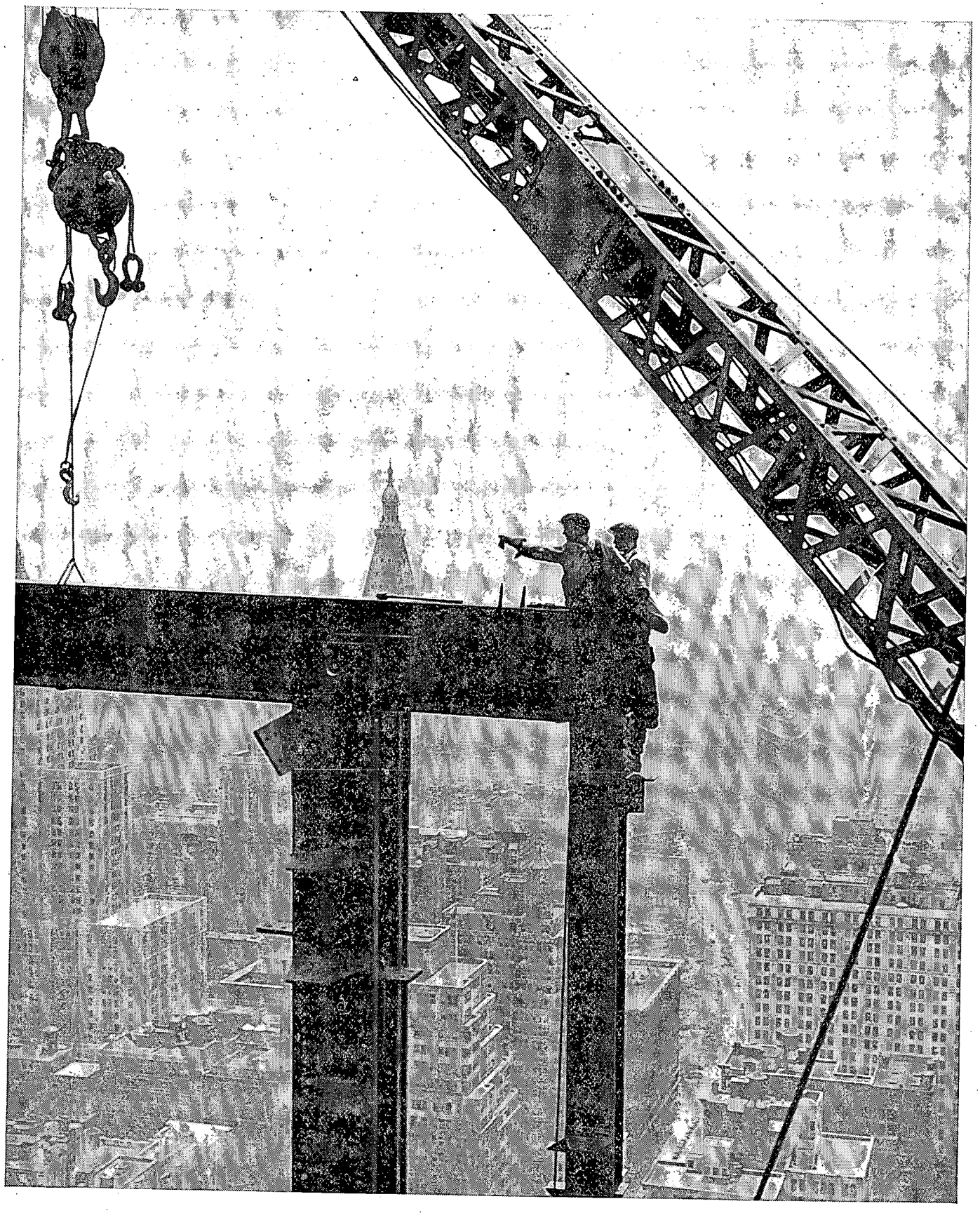

THEY PLACE A BEAM

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The Mind in the Breaking

By HAVEN EMERSON, M.D.

UNTIL the present time it has been a commonplace that the amount and duration of life were fair measures of human merit and social accomplishment. The death rate has been the basis of confident expression of progress or accepted evidence of failure. But must we not now take thought of the quality of life, as of at least equal importance with the sum and length of human days?

It is hard to escape the opinion that, however successful we may have been in gradually bettering our physical adjustment to our modern life of crowds, we have been at least static, if not actually laggard, in learning to adapt ourselves to the psychological hazards and hurdles of the social organization of our time. With the same qualities of objective scientific approach, and an added sympathetic human analysis of motives and methods, we have a right to expect in our time as productive results for mental health as followed the efforts of the disciples of Pasteur in the recent past to safeguard us from the destruction of life itself by bacteria and parasitic organisms.

No longer should the sciences and arts of preventive medicine be satisfied by the traditional development of programs to control communicable diseases, to detect the physical defects of school children, to protect maternity and infancy, and to teach the health rules of nutrition, rest, and physical recreation. Is it not at least as important that the suicide rate has risen from 4.9 to 19.7 for each 100,000 of our people in seventy years as that the diabetes death rate has done about the same? Is there a greater need to report upon a rising death rate from appendicitis or to analyze, publish, teach, and, if possible, prevent the conditions that have brought about a rise in the divorce rate from 26 to 68 per 100,000 in less than fifty years?

If the Travelers' Aid stations at our city railroad terminals reveal the incidence of runaway children, unwholesome homes, the too-heavy hand of discipline, the misunderstood errant child, are they not as essential to our plan of public health as the collecting depots for diphtheria smears and typhoid cultures at our drug stores and hospitals? Can the probabilities of stealing and truancy be estimated on the basis of today's records of boys who have motherless homes or breakfastless mornings? Why is it less the province of a doctor of public health to concern himself with the incidence of temper tantrums than with the prevalence of rickets in a community? If half of the boys who get into trouble with the police have suffered from bad companionship, is that not as important a social fact demanding preventive community expenditures as that half the babies who die of diarrhea and enteritis had unpasteurized milk?

DESPITE its many gaps, our present information gives us glimpses of the burden of mental ill health that weighs down all the ages of man. There is some evidence from Vienna that, even in the infant, behavior reactions are favorably affected as early as four months of age by the character and variety of the contacts that occur, and that babies in institutions show the effects of their disadvantage when compared with those in a superior environment.

Among a chosen group of four-year-old children, who were considered by their parents to be normal, coming from self-supporting families of various economic levels in a medium-sized industrial city of New England, and showing by the standard tests a range of intelligence of from 75 to 150, more than a third (36 per cent) had already developed characteristic behavior problems that are likely to develop into personal or family embarrassments. These unadapted or mistrained or ill-adjusted little folk are found to be distributed with considerable uniformity among the dull, the average, and the bright.

The bulk of the problems presenting at this age are included under the rather general categories of fears, extreme shyness, severe speech difficulties, and the more precise phenomena of tantrums, interference with appetite for and use of foods, and enuresis. These evidences of deviation from good health appear more frequently than that of any other defect or disorder of apparently normal childhood of this age, unless it be in the realm of dentition, and they exhibit themselves with a daily and almost hourly importance which not uncommonly may determine, or at least warp, the trend of family life, conditioned as they are in the majority of instances upon the relations of parents and other grown-ups to the child. So far as the problems of preschool childhood bring the boy or girl to the brink of social failure among those to whom they look for their place in the sun, they call for professional diagnosis, aid, and prevention.

In children of nursery-school age we find at least three errors in attitude which not uncommonly operate throughout life and which

An explorer and interpreter in the realm of public health, Dr. Emerson is an emissary sought by American cities and countries abroad to help them cast up their balance of life and death, sickness and health. Here he sets forth vividly the bases of a new ideal of public health, which would consider not only the length of human life but also its quality in character, usefulness, and happiness. This article, the last in a series on mental health in home, school, church, and community life (see Survey Graphic, August, September, October, and December 1930) is the substance of an address given before the First International Congress on Mental Hygiene and is published by Survey Graphic through the courtesy of the officers of the Congress.

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School Children Who Fail

AMONG 1167 public-school children in Rhode Island, 8.6 per cent were found to be mentally defective and 2.1 per cent psychopathic and psychoneurotic, in addition to the 23 per cent who were dullards and the 13.5 per cent who were border-line cases. Among 2340 public-school children in Staten Island (New York City) 3.6 per cent were feebleminded, 16.8 per cent dullards, and 9.2 per cent border-line cases. Of 702 continuation-school children examined here, 16.7 per cent were found to be feebleminded, 28 per cent dullards, and 25.9 per cent border-line cases.

When the 3553 elementary-school children who were three or more years retarded in their studies were referred to mental clinics, from among 154,382 children attending such schools in several cities and towns of Massachusetts (1921-23), 72 per cent of them were found to be feebleminded, in 89 per cent the condition being of other origin than heredity (7 per cent), organic mental disease (3 per cent), or epilepsy (1 per cent). Furthermore, only 26 of the 3553 were free from physical defects, and 67 per cent of them needed immediate medical or dental care for major defects.

Among the public-school children of Massachusetts (seven to fifteen years of age), there are quite regularly 1 per cent who can be taught only in special classes. However, it must be recognized that it is quite unsafe to make plans or draw deductions from our present experience, which deals, in any degree of completeness or exactness, with only one out of ten of these children. A health officer who attained results in his attack upon diphtheria or typhoid fever when informed of only one case in ten would be the child of good fortune rather than the master of events.

Our federal Bureau of Education estimates that there are 900,000 feebleminded persons (8 per 1000 of population) in the United States, and we know that subnormal children in special classes in our schools number 105,021, and that many more are unprovided for.

Mental Ill Health in Adult Life

SAMPLING industrial workmen, we learn that every 1000 employes will show each quarter year 100 disabilities, about 5 per cent of which are due to diseases of the nervous system. In a New England city of 50,000, during the past nine years, 5.1 per cent of the adult population applied on at least one occasion as patients at the mental clinic.

In the sickness-incidence studies carried out upon a total of 571,757 people in various city communities in Eastern states, diseases of the nervous system headed the list in frequency.

Among 100,000 presumably healthy persons presenting themselves to the Life Extension Institute for medical examination, 7 per cent exhibited symptoms of "nervousness and neurasthenia."

Among the men drafted in 1918 in the United States who were defective but were not rejected for disability, 6 per cent were suffering from some form of mental and nervous disorder.

Suggestions as to the bulk of the preventable and remediable maladjustments and emotional disturbances of adult life are found in the recent studies of Dr. George E. Stevenson among patients applying to large medical clinics. This psychiatrist found that among the patients who came to the gastro-intestinal specialists, 19 per cent showed emotional problems of a severe character and in 45 per cent more emotional factors had to be taken into consideration in treating the gastro-intestinal symptoms. In only 25 per cent of these patients was there no appearance of mental or emotional disturbance. Perhaps more significant, though no less surprising, was the finding that in 16 per cent of the cases brought to the children's medical clinic, the parents were the emotional cause of the disorder of the child, and in 46 per cent more the medical problem of the child was aggravated by adult personalities.

are certainly modifiable, if not entirely correctable, by suitable training and management. These are the attitude toward possession and truthtelling—that is, toward external reality; the attitude toward fellow beings, involving friendship, affection, authority, cooperation, justice, kindness; and the attitude toward the expression of emotions—fear, anger, and love. While a query of much popular concern at present—namely, the extent to which tendencies to criminal behavior can be detected and counteracted in early childhood—cannot be answered in just those terms, it has been found that behavior problems in little children are rarely if ever hopeless or final, and that improvement in behavior tendencies is always possible if the measures indicated are carried out.

The problem for public health, for the avoidance of behavior problems in children under school age, is to include in the plan of service to parents, for their education in the upbringing of children, such personnel as can be trusted to notice evidences of deviation from normal conduct in the home, to advise parents to seek professional guidance, when necessary, for themselves as well as for the child, and to deal with early and mild disturbances in this field, as is done with physiological errors in the field of growth, nutrition, and infection.

These duties will fall upon the general public-health nurse, upon the psychiatrically trained supervising nurses and social workers, and upon persons attached to preschool conferences and classes capable of making mental as well as physical study of little children. Because of the delicacy and duration of the educational effort required, this may cost more than all of the present medical and health educational services now accepted as periodically necessary for young children, but its results may equally well outrank all our present efforts in terms of happy youth and secure enjoyment of adult life.

WE see in the child from the earliest age not only an unconscious struggle to survive in an often unfavorable physical environment, but a conflict with those personalities that tend to force an authoritarian justice and discipline upon him by the power of seniority or through the opinion of the majority, with little regard for the need of the educational approach that is every child's birthright. These trials of strength, all of a preventable nature, leave scars, wounds, and deformities no less serious than the abnormalities of physical posture and bodily form and structure that follow the fatigues and the undernourishments more commonly considered in health programs. Whereas communicable infectious disease in childhood results in a large degree of immunity after recovery, that form of emotion expressed as fear is none the less communicable and possesses the exceptional power of maintaining and repeating itself even into the years of adult life, when the experience of the child returns to mock and thwart the

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Dependency and Mental Illness

ABOUT 2 per cent of the population of the United States is known to the relief societies and public agencies at any one time. In New York City 2.5 per cent of the population comes to the attention of public and private relief agencies in one ordinary year's experience.

Conservative statisticians have thought that as many as 3.5 per cent of the people of many cities receive assistance for dependency, recorded or not, in a year, and this may reach 10 per cent of the population in a decade.

It is apparently safe to assume that major dependency, of a degree that calls for material assistance or case-work service, affects 25 persons in every 1000 of our people.

Among 4000 dependent families, 15 per cent were found to include at least one sufferer from mental disease or deficiency and an equal number in whom the psychiatrist suspected these conditions.

Among 1500 Jewish relief families, 21 per cent showed serious cases of mental disease.

Of 4666 families under the care of a charity organization society, mental disturbances were found in 10.7 per cent.

Of 1200 veterans' home relief cases, 8 per cent had mental disturbances.

A competent psychiatric study of dependent children cared for at public expense—in boarding homes, institutions, under the mother's allowance system, and so forth—finds twice as many of these children to be below normal mentally and only 60 per cent instead of 80 per cent to be of normal or superior intelligence. This finding seems to be quite uniform in both rural and urban groups and in the cities of Ohio as in New York.

fulfilment of youth's promise and hope in maturity.

About the school age we have much information that tends to throw all the assembled physical ills to which so much effort is now devoted into a minor role as compared with mental inferiority, the minor and major delinquencies, and the disturbances that result from errors of earlier mismanagement.

Of the million persons believed to be suffering from speech disorders in the United States, half are supposed to be among children at school who stammer and stutter. Major speech defects are found regularly in 1 per cent of the public-school children of the United States. This problem alone, with its perpetual check and hindrance, embarrassment and blocking of careers and of social intercourse, is a health drag of no mean proportions upon youth, and in but rare instances is it handled with any determination or effectiveness comparable to that given to the removal of tonsils, to the correction of errors of refraction, or even to remedying the widely prevalent weak foot.

Somewhere between 75 and 100 children in each 10,000 of the school population between seven and fifteen years of age are recognized as needing special-class training because of the degree of their retardation. Among the apparently well-established facts that give us reason to hope much from prevention is the finding that about 9 out of 10 retarded school children have been the victims of factors other than heredity, mental disease, or epilepsy. Betterment of social, emotional, and material surroundings, and in particular of the parental conduct of the child's life prior to school age, may result in as great benefits as we have seen among babies from the almost universal use in our cities of safe water and pasteurized milk.

In the city of Cleveland, with about 200,000 children, 25,000 or 12.5 per cent, were reported by the schools as presenting some kind of behavior problem. In the case of 2500 of these (1.25 per cent of the school enrolment), the problem was of sufficient severity or difficulty to call for professional attention from a psychiatrist. Eight hundred (.4 per cent) were sent to the juvenile court for delinquency.

In a special study of 875 elementary-school boys and girls, failure to meet the usual social situations expressed themselves in the undesirable traits, which occurred with the following frequency:

Fear	81	Truancy	14
Destruction of property	72	Resentfulness	43
Lies	171	Cruelty and bullying	15
Cheating	258	Sullenness	109
Stealing	47	Temper tantrums	13
Unhappiness	70	Suspiciousness	18
Exaggeration	116		

Many other undesirable traits, such as disobedience, irresponsibility, nervousness, hyperactivity, masturbation, enuresis, and obscenity in language, were recorded as significant handicaps to a happy sharing in the satisfactions of social intercourse and the development of a capacity for self-support and self-control. The health of the spirit of the child and the safety of his partners in adult life are certainly no less seriously menaced by these traits than are his physical growth and sturdiness by those minutiae of physical form and weight and height to which we devote such ingenuity and persistence.

WHEN we dip deeper into the social melting pot and search among dependent and delinquent childhood, we find worse deformities and more of them. Of 45,000 dependent children, 25,000 were found to be delinquent. Of 240 city boys of foreign parents among wage-earning tenement dwellers, 29 per cent were found to be delinquent. On the basis of the studies of E. E. Southard and Mary Jarrett, we may assume that 50 per cent of the social cases dealt with among dependents of our foreign-born city populations show mental disorders.

Among boys and girls from six to eighteen years of age under observation in New York State for delinquency we find approximately a third with mental problems of a degree of seriousness that calls for psychiatric diagnosis and treatment. The extent of this as a national problem of mental health appears in the experience of sixty-two juvenile courts in fifteen states and the District of Columbia in 1928 which showed that about 33,000 children, or 1 per cent of the school-child population seven years of age or older, were reported as delinquent.

It is more than thirty years since the first tuberculosis clinic was established to form an important link in the chain of protective services designed to control this disease. With about 600 such clinics in operation in the United States now, the number is approximately adequate, and the 800 venereal-disease clinics supply the needs in that field reasonably well. And yet within twenty years after the establishment of a children's clinic in connection with the Juvenile Court in Chicago, we find ourselves with 850 psychiatric and habit clinics for children, a number admittedly insufficient for more than a small fraction of the needs of delinquent children and for those who are facing various types of school and social failure. These outposts of education, veritable citadels of protection of hard-pressed youth, are become as

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indispensable to us as was the meetinghouse, the town hall, the little red school, to our pioneer ancestors.

School counselors, psychiatrists, and psychologists are finding an abundance of overlooked and still correctable disturbances of emotional balance, abnormalities in conduct and social relationships, maladjustments in school or work in problem children of highschool age. For 82 per cent of the boys and girls considered in one such study, no family history of mental defect, alcoholism, insanity, or delinquency could be found, while home conditions were considered favorable in 71 per cent.

Passing on from school children to their elder sisters and brothers, we find that approximately 10 per cent of the student body at women's colleges, when offered the opportunity of voluntarily consulting a psychiatrist, will come seeking aid, explanation, or treatment for disorders of emotion or conduct or mental performance. Among men college students, at least 5 per cent have problems sufficiently difficult to demand the attention of a psychiatrist. In the opinion of physicians responsible for considerable numbers of both men and women students in American colleges, these numbers represent but a small proportion of those with obvious mental-health problems. It is apparent that a steadily increasing use is being made of expert mental guidance in college, as the student finds the extent to which his happiness and accomplishments are conditioned upon his success in social adjustments, for which he now looks to the psychiatrist for help, as well as for friendly assistance in facing the realities of life.

In coeducational institutions of higher education, from 6 to 10 per cent of the student body develop in any one year serious enough maladjustments to call for professional advice, and the attending psychiatrists estimate that during the four usual academic years almost half of the students go through some emotional difficulty.

WHEN we try to learn the extent of mental disorder among the men and women of our workaday world and adult years, we have on the one hand the almost vacant records of the apparently well, and on the other hand the institutionalized derelicts of long-existing and mostly permanent disease. The ashes, the dumpheaps of the great furnace of our social order are painfully evident. Those who are in the early stages of mental trouble, mostly unrecognized as problems for medical care, are hidden from us in the borderlands of normality, lost among wide variations of types, whom we pass by as just a little different, with a smile or perhaps with a curse. Rudyard Kipling once called the attention of a graduating class of London medical students to the fact that people were all divided into two classes, patients and doctors. The laity generally thinks of an equally logical distinction between the sick and the well. In a quite new and no more indiscriminate way, we may separate our friends into the well and the not-so-well.

We are beginning to realize that the typhoid carrier and the smallpox patient is no more dangerous in the community than is the partly well mentally disordered patient. To be immune to the buffets of social intercourse is as important for a child as to carry a certificate of a negative Schick test. Failure of emotional adjustment may at any time become a communal hazard. We of the medico-social sciences quite clearly see that taking the syphilitic to a clinic or giving milk and eggs to the tuberculous no more nearly rehabilitates these patients in society than paying rent or supplying oatmeal and coal reestablishes the dependent mentally ill household. There would be as much sense in sending the case of scarlet fever to a reformatory as in sending a delinquent schoolboy to jail.

The health officer must begin to ask himself such questions as:

Will the psychiatrist get to the mean, lazy ne'er-do-well before the policeman does?

Will the bully, the fearful child, the miserable man, meet a wise social worker before he is forced into an institution?

Shall we require the reporting of family misfits to avoid the spread of communicable mental disorders?

Can we place more emphasis upon the duration of lifelong infections of the emotional life of the community and less upon the fatality rates of acute bacterial diseases?

Can we learn that good health often depends more upon a change of attitude toward our fellows than upon a change of food, residence, work, or life partner?

Can we divert people from the practice of self-treatment for their emotional miseries by tradition, current opinion, superstition, and win them to the influence of trained counselors?

He would be reckless indeed who would venture to separate convicted criminals or those accused of crime into the mentally healthy and the mentally sick, and yet the lesson must soon be learned, and we must face the question as to where the greater weight of the burden lies. Is it the individual or society that is mainly at fault? Is the question so very different from the social implications and individual resistances in tuberculosis and syphilis?

In a population of 120,000,000, we probably have 4,500,000 children under five years of age with some behavior problem which, if not noted and in some measure dealt with, will lead to personal or family dilemma or disturbance. There are some 25,000 children between five and fifteen years of age suffering from (*Continued on page* 409)

Pressure on Institutions

THE rate of mental patients for each 100,000 of the combined populations of thirty states rose from 218.5 to 226.9 all but three states sharing in this. The most populous and the wealthiest state of the Union showed the highest incidence of mentally diseased hospital inmates—i. e., New York, with an increase from 365.3 to 383.1 per 100,000 of the population.

Greater increases still were revealed in the census of institutions for the feebleminded and the epileptics—from 47 to 54.9 per 100,000 of the populations of thirty-six states.

Increases in prison and reformatory populations have followed the same trend, total inmates rising from 66.6 to 84.1 per 100,000 between 1923 and 1927 and first admissions from 27.9 to 34.1 per 100,000. While we cannot assume that all persons in conflict with the law to the extent of being committed to prison or reformatory are mentally diseased, we have good evidence that commonly at least 20 per cent and according to some observers 50 per cent of the inmates of state prisons are mentally ill. Apparently something over 40 per cent of these are mentally defective to some degree.

At the present time 1 out of every 20 white boys of fifteen years of age in New York State will be admitted to a hospital for mental disease during his lifetime, and another 1 in 20 will develop a psychosis or a severe incapacitating neurosis. The same is substantially true in Massachusetts. There are as many cases of mental disorders of severe type outside of hospitals as inside, in persons between twenty and thirty years of age.

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"He had captured Evangelia—and they had vanished into a cave"

As the Romans Do

By ELEANOR ROWLAND WEMBRIDGE

Drawings by Esther Peck

I REALLY think that this story has a point, but probably that is not why I am telling it.

Sometimes in the court room when the weather is so dull that the electricity burns at midday, when gas fumes seep through the ventilators, and soot through the alley, when an occasional scuffle or stifled cry penetrates from the county jail next door, and I have passed several hours unraveling the problems of rebellious Mikes and their Marias, my attention suffers a temporary lapse. Suddenly the outlines of the case to which I am listening become blurred. For a moment I forget whether Mike led Maria astray, or whether it was Maria who tempted Mike. I cannot recall without consulting the record, how many times I have seen them before, whether the grandmother's grievance is that Mike is not Greek Orthodox or that he is, and whether the cash register with which they trifled belongs to the sister-in-law who deserted Mike's brother, or to the step-mother who so cruelly henpecks Maria's father.

At 10:00 a. m. these points are clear and important. At 3:00 p. m. on a dark day, they occasionally become confused. Suddenly all the facts and implications troop off on a mental holiday, and I find myself staring at Mike and Maria as if they were strangers. I do not even see them or their progenitors, but look past them to a Mediterranean hillside where I once lived all too briefly with some of their kin. The incandescent burner and monoxide fumes fade away and in their stead gleam sapphire seas; bells tinkle on tiny goats and the air is filled with the pungent perfume of the cistus bushes. Sometimes Maria's mother and grandmother turn back on me the same glassy stare of eyes that do not see what is before them. I shall never know whether all of us are gazing at the same sunny slopes, and thinking the same thoughts. . . .

When digging for ancient relics (as the expedition with which I was a visitor dug just before the war), it is important that at least some of the workmen be experienced and delicate in handling the trowel. The rougher work of the trial trenches may be done by boys. But when hot on the trail of a tomb, with its fragile pottery and seal stones, the spade must be abandoned for a knife in the hands of a man whose sensitive nerves feel the differences in soil and whose fingers can be trusted to pick out the vases whole.

SUCH a man was George. He had been trained in Sparta but had crossed the straits and had walked fifty-three miles in the last two days to get a job at our excavations. I suppose that he was some variety of Greek, but he looked and acted more like a jaunty Irishman. On the quiet island he was a veritable man about town. He had lived in Athens. He had sailed the seas. He had even buried a wife. With his Astrakhan cap set askew on his curly head, with his ready tongue and his quick movements, he was felt at once to be a sophisticated stranger. Of course the women liked him, and the men were distant and inclined to be jealous. George earned two francs a day as a first-class knifer, spent one of them for board at the khan and flirted with Evangelia, the khan-keeper's daughter, who promptly fell in love with him. It was as certain as robins in the spring or frogs at twilight.

In fact, the course of events was so inevitable and universal that it has been chanted in ballads, trumpeted in arias, and sentimentally warbled in every meter and every key.

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For Evangelia had a previous suitor far more satisfactory to her parents than an outlander who every day spent half his income at the khan, and who, if he married Evangelia, might even expect to get his board for nothing.

In short, old Andrea had selected another widower for his daughter, very different from George. Janis lived in his own house, owned several goats, a ram, and a clump of olive trees. He was steady man. He had treated his first wife well and doubtless would be kind to his second, which was more than one knew of George. More than that, he had no children to dispute the property, and instead of Janis hanging about the khan fireside, there might be a place for Andrea's family at his.

Evangelia's father was not a hard man, nor was her mother an avaricious woman. Both were gentle and kindly, and they loved their daughter. Nevertheless, or for that very reason, they wanted her to marry well. They were well acquainted with poverty and they longed for her to escape it. In short, they knew that Janis was a much better match for Evangelia than George. And he was. Notwithstanding this, Evangelia fell in love with George. Affairs had got to this pass in the first three weeks.

Today, in our Western world, when Romeo and Juliet determine to outwit their parents and escape, it is comparatively easy to accomplish it. If worst comes to worst, they may borrow or steal a car, hop a freight, hitch-hike along the road; or if they have a little money, they may board a long-distance bus and drive to some point where marriage licenses can be obtained without too many questions asked. But on a Greek island this is not so simple. There are no cars, no freight trains, and not many roads. To get off the island, even if the lovers can reach a port, requires a fair sum for tickets, and once at sea there is no place to go.

Therefore, since geographical distance cannot be interposed between romantic lovers and their guardians, a social chasm must be created so deep and wide that even the sternest parent and most ardent rival cannot pass it. Such a ceremonial gulf is provided in the device of marriage by capture. This ancient custom is presumably a hangover from the days of the Sabines from whose nuptial banquets the brides were snatched by lusty uninvited guests.

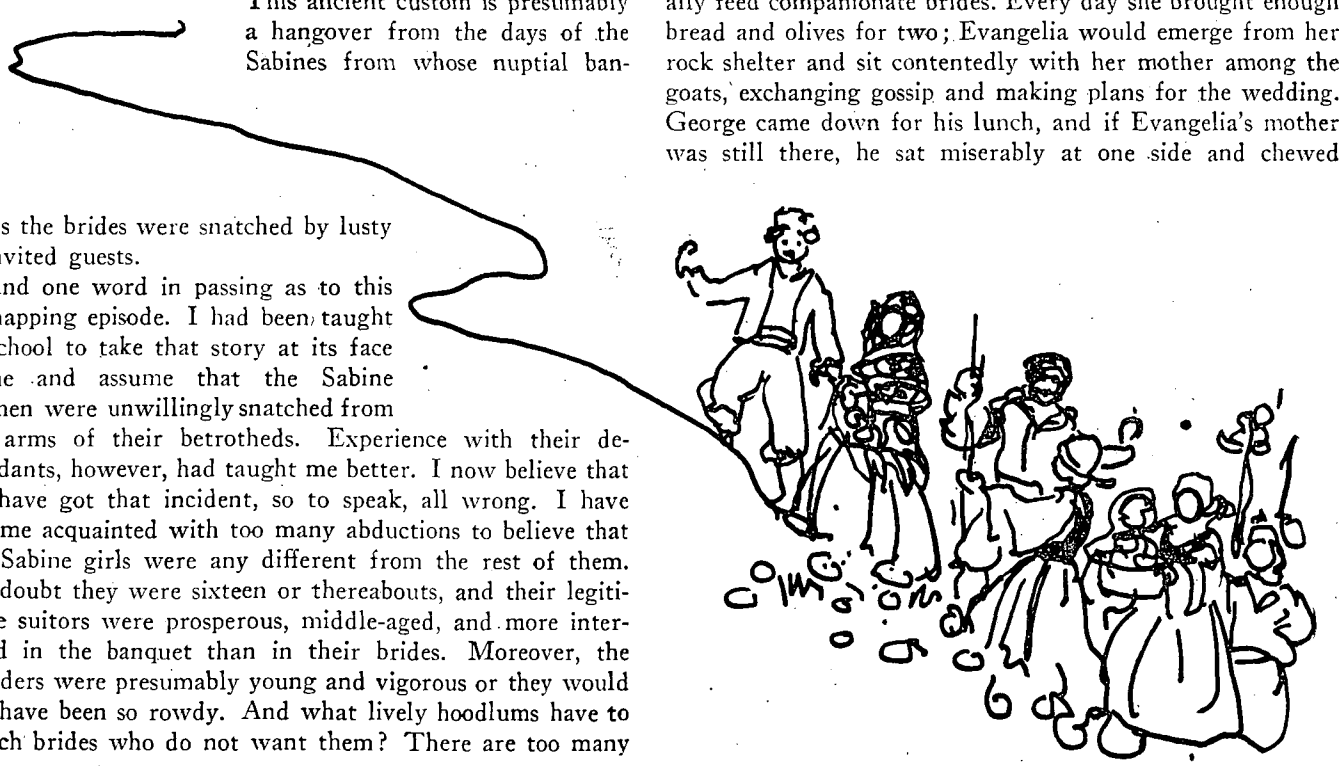
And one word in passing as to this kidnapping episode. I had been taught in school to take that story at its face value and assume that the Sabine women were unwillingly snatched from the arms of their betrotheds. Experience with their descendants, however, had taught me better. I now believe that we have got that incident, so to speak, all wrong. I have become acquainted with too many abductions to believe that the Sabine girls were any different from the rest of them. No doubt they were sixteen or thereabouts, and their legitimate suitors were prosperous, middle-aged, and more interested in the banquet than in their brides. Moreover, the invaders were presumably young and vigorous or they would not have been so rowdy. And what lively hoodlums have to snatch brides who do not want them? There are too many girls who do. I will grant that the brides when they were seized screamed out some Sabine equivalent of, "Aren't you awful?" Nevertheless, who but they had informed the kidnappers of the party, and of the propitious moment to break it up? I have little doubt myself that the girls held on so tight to their captors, that there were moments when every man of them wondered which one of the pair was doing the abducting.

So much for ancient history. By the time this custom had seeped down into Cretan etiquette, brides in general and Evangelia in particular were captured with considerable ease.

ONE morning all the workmen's tongues were wagging over the fact that George was absent. The reason was that he had captured Evangelia the night before, and together they had vanished into a cave. One outcry would have brought fifty workmen to Evangelia's aid if she had resented George's violence, but no one had heard a sound. It appeared that the cave was the very spot where George had been working for three days and from which he had removed a human skeleton. However, housekeeping in a tomb holds no terrors for a girl whose living depends upon its contents—so there they were. After several days and nights in such a shelter, the Kalo Korio widower, however liberal his views, could hardly be expected to continue his offers for her hand. Old Andrea would have to take George for his daughter's husband if he ever expected her to get one.

This summary method of ending the argument about husbands really works very well. And the men who had been jealous of George were now so tickled that an island belle had bewitched a mainland Greek and held him prisoner, that they even began to patronize him. He soon returned to the dig, for he had to earn some money. But he worked by himself, his jauntiness all gone, and had no repartee for the men who joked him unmercifully. He merely blushed brick red when they teased him, and tore back to his cave when Nikolas blew the whistle.

Of course, Evangelia's mother fed them, as mothers usually feed companionate brides. Every day she brought enough bread and olives for two; Evangelia would emerge from her rock shelter and sit contentedly with her mother among the goats, exchanging gossip and making plans for the wedding. George came down for his lunch, and if Evangelia's mother was still there, he sat miserably at one side and chewed



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a stalk of wheat. The point was that they had to stay in retirement long enough to be completely ostracized if they did not marry, but romantically congratulated if they did. This gesture being thoroughly assimilated by everyone, they were now at liberty to move to better quarters, so they went to visit a cousin in Kalo Korio, the very town where the disgusted Janis had withdrawn into a baffled and sulky silence.

It was there that I made my first call upon them, rather shy as to how to address a couple in their somewhat anomalous position, but too sentimental to keep away. The visit involved not only a tax upon my polite phrases in the vernacular, but also courage to face a contingency which makes it impossible for any Cretan, however young, to fail to appreciate the full force of the mating instinct. The very towns are divided according to the sex of their ponies, and one invades an opposite stronghold at one's peril. We lived, as you might say, in Stallionville, and Kalo Korio was well known as a Maretown. Only protected by Manoli armed with a stout stick against lunging and screaming rivals, did I dare venture.

Hardly had we entered the town than I heard myself gaily called, and Evangelia ran laughing down the cobbles. She was radiant, full of jokes, and very possessive as to her lover. Her arm never once left his neck. As for George, he still was carefully dressed with a carnation over his ear. But he could look neither Manoli nor me in the face. He merely slapped the ponies and looked ready to cry. (How often since have I observed that expression. I am convinced that the bandits clutched by their Sabine flirts wore the same helpless look.) I found that I did not need my tactful phrases. Evangelia had enough talk for both.

"George came clambering up the hill with Evangelia hanging to him"

Somehow I made out that the wedding was to be the first week in June. They had intended it to be sooner, but the Bishop told them he could not make out the necessary papers. So the intervening weeks were to be spent in visiting relatives, making her dress according to a picture she had seen in a French paper, and planning the wedding feast. It was a kind of anticipatory honeymoon, and since it was the only one she was likely to get, Evangelia proposed to make the most of it. They had fixed upon Nikolas as the best man, an honor which he did not covet. Why should a foreman care to be best man for a mere knifer, and a penniless one at that? Moreover the best man has to buy the wedding wreaths. Nevertheless, not even Nikolas could refuse Evangelia when she asked him. By her own decision and by general consent, she was queen of the May, and she got what she wanted.

Her family had lately moved for the harvest to their threshing-floor, so there was no work to do at home and she was at liberty to chat endlessly about her adventure on neighborly doorsills as she whirled her spindle or crocheted lace for her petticoats. Although the threshers kept the floor hidden in a cloud of chaff by day, Evangelia and her lover were welcome to visit her family in the evening and join in the local gossip which centered about them. When the nights were fine they slept under the carrob trees. When the south wind blew too hard, the cousin at Kalo Korio took them in. At twilight Evangelia trudged up the hill to meet George at the stone well curb. Perched there in her red skirt and black bodice she joked with all the workmen as they stopped for a drink, cracking almonds to toss to Nikali, to Demosakis, to Constantino, while George, a lion tamed, awaited her pleasure in the shadows. "Do you love George very much?" we asked her. *"Afton monon*—Him only," she answered gravely.

And then the night before the wedding came a hurried call to our tent. The Bishop had decided, after pondering his papers, that since no one knew anything about George except what he himself had told them, that it was necessary to look further into his past to ascertain that he had no living wife. The eve of the wedding, and George had been a sailor! "Easy enough to prove if I *had* a wife," raged George, "but how is any living man to prove that I have *not* got one? Must a priest be sent to every port?" Nikolas pulled his huge moustachios in dismay. The wedding postponed and he had had a Wednesday shave for nothing! But the Bishop was adamant. He disapproved of captured brides and had no idea of making it too easy for them. So three weeks had to be spent in mysterious negotiations, and whereas this meant more leisure for Evangelia, she was not quite so gay. If the Bishop proved too stubborn, what could she do? No running from town to town to get a license. The Bishop knew their every move as a cat knows each helpless twist of mice in a trap. The license had to come from him or no one. The ecclesiastical authority which they had flouted in their cave now suddenly loomed very large. They had ignored it before. Let them cool their heels while they waited for it now.

At last a document arrived enclosing the burial certificate of George's first wife, and with this the Bishop professed to be content. Again the wedding day was set. Our cook was commandeered to preside at our special table, in order that we might have the aristocratic food to which we were accustomed. Evangelia's mother took care of the rest.

Again, just as the moon was rising, came George clambering up the hill with Evangelia hanging to him. This time she was in tears, and George was so beside himself with anger that for an interval he could not speak. At last we made out through his furious outbursts that the Bishop, after reflection on his case, had decided that since he had captured Evangelia so summarily against her father's wishes, and since he held marriage licenses in such low esteem, he could not have one at the usual price. In short, the license

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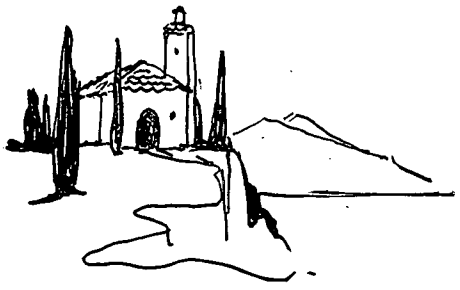

for captured brides was to be henceforth not five francs but seventy-five. George had been prepared for a slight rise in cost to cover the irregularity. But to ask seventy-five of a man who had never had that much in his pocket in his life!

The Bishop lived twenty miles away. The moon was already high. The wedding guests would assemble early in the morning. And George and Evangelia, an honorable couple who had tried twice for lawful wedlock, were to be made a shame and a laughing-stock throughout the countryside which was their world. Even if George's visits were to be successful, how could he walk twenty miles and back again in time to make a suitable appearance at his own wedding? Was he to be treated like a man or like a dog? I have never seen such an embodiment of helpless rage as was George that night. He even shook the sobbing Evangelia from his arm. He was almost insane with fury. "If I do not marry tomorrow morning, I will slit open the Bishop with my knife," he shouted, stamping the dust; and he meant it. The red mist of murder hung round him as he paced and panted.

It looked as if the moment had arrived for the Bishop to be cajoled by his foreign friends. After all, George was trying his best to marry his sweetheart. And however precipitately the courtship had begun, he had always meant for it to culminate in legal marriage. It seemed now high time that it did so before the Bishop was in his grave and George in chains. So George was started off on one of our horses, with a letter to the Bishop suggesting that diplomatic relations with the United States were in serious danger of a break if our head knifer was not allowed to make Andrea's daughter an honest woman. By eleven the next morning the bridegroom was back again at the khan with his license. He was sleepless but shaved and in a clean shirt. Nikolas too had had a bath, but one shave off schedule had been enough. He declined to upset his habits twice for the same couple, and his black beard was thick upon his chin.

So the wedding procession wound up through poppies and wild gladiolus to the little chapel, chalk white against the blue sea and sky. Evangelia's handmaidens, once again resorting to the amiable fiction that the bride was being captured, helped drag her over the doorsill of the khan, her feet pinched into yellow shoes, her hair strained to the top of her head over a puff, and, in place of a veil, her ears and chin concealed in the folds of a red woollen shawl. She looked, as was deemed proper, somewhat like a corpse temporarily galvanized for the ceremony. But something about her sidelong glance as the cortège passed, indicated that life was not extinct. George, poor haggard fellow, was far closer to collapse than she.

And after the ceremony came that brief moment of the purest idyllic poetry when Evangelia's father clasped her in his arms and kissed her, then paused before the impetuous stranger from whom he had tried so hard to shield his daughter. George faltered, lowered his eyes before the old man's look, and tears rolled down his cheeks. Then Andrea laid his arms upon his shoulders, kissed him on both cheeks, and turned away. The simple majesty of parenthood as it bows helpless before the inexorable tides of romantic love found its perfect expression in that old peasant as he kissed his sobbing but unrepentant children and strode out of the chapel through the poppies, alone. His wife was not even there to comfort him. She could not come to see Evangelia married, so busy was she with the feast. At last it was their daughter's wedding day, and both parents, in resignation and disappointment, tried to make it happy.

All the intensities, nobilities, and conflicts of human passion hovered around George and Evangelia in the hot silence, as Andrea kissed them under their wedding wreaths. If pity and fear are the fountainhead of the tragic art, then it is no accident that the Homeric epics and the Hellenic drama sprang from such a breed.

Evangelia's reign was almost over. After the feast she, with as many of her guests as could manage it, clambered on to the khan's one huge bed and listened to a bridal song chanted by a youthful minstrel. It had countless verses of so broad a content that the two Americans who understood it (of whom I was not one) were put somewhat out of countenance. It was apparently listened to by no one else, although the bride smiled politely from time to time and tapped the boy singer encouragingly upon the shoulder. The rest of the company was too impatient for the dancing to bother about songs.

WE left them dancing under the grapevines. Since I sailed next day, I never saw them again nor ever shall until we meet in Elysian Fields. Excavations stopped during the War and have languished since. We have heard that Evangelia aged before her time with poverty and babies. By now she is doubtless trying without success to keep her reckless children from eloping to a cave. I prefer to think of her as she used to be, laughing and tossing almonds by the ancient well. As she is now, she offers no escape from the realities I know so well. If I cannot gaze at Daphnis and Chloe in a field of anemone and asphodel, I might as well be looking at Mike and Maria!

So back I find myself in the court room staring at them. It took four weeks to transport them with their families from the Stone-Age to an Ohio knitting mill. But in that brief month, they spanned the (*Continued on page* 401)

"The wedding procession wound up through the poppies and wild gladiolus to the little chapel"

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ELEANOR McMAIN

One of the Pioneers

By BRADLEY BUELL

". . . a figure that would stand out in any group"

THE Irish Channel still has its ghosts and memories of days gone by. Irish ghosts—treasured by the third and fourth generation of a famous band who, escaping from the famine in old Ireland of '49, were stranded in New Orleans in the too arduous "Gold Rush" journey and dug their roots well into a square mile of the old city.

In this famous Irish Channel section, close to the river's docks and warehouses, surrounded by cotton mills and factories which have encroached upon the dilapidated tenement survivals of aristocratic earlier days, there stands at Erato and Annunciation streets that historic gray dwelling which was old Kingsley House. Its hand-wrought iron gateway still squeaks an infrequent word of welcome; its front doorstep is worn from the shoes and bare feet of other days; one can see—if one chooses to enter—how the double dining room of long forgotten fashion had been transformed into schoolroom, dance hall, theater, auditorium—focal center of the busy hum of neighborhood activity.

For some twelve blocks away—still Irish to the core—the extraordinary spectacle of the new Kingsley House holds the modern flesh and blood of the old. Occupying a solid block, its great green center quadrangle is surrounded by the lovely residence, child-welfare clinic, day nursery, gymnasium, trade-school rooms; by borders of palms, roses, banana plants—all linked with the brick walls of the old cotton warehouses which it replaced. Indubitably it deserves Jane Addams's description—"the finest settlement plant in the world."

For thirty years the story of these two houses has been the story of Eleanor McMain. Her roots, too, go back to Ireland. Through her paternal grandmother—by way of prerevolutionary days. The little town of Lewis, Delaware, is full of traditions of the Wests and its ancient cemetery a record of their geneology. Her mother's family likewise was Irish, without the dilution of "descent"—the maternal grandfather at twenty-one a graduate of Trinity, the grandmother from the north of Ireland.

Her birth on March 2, 1868, was coincident with the end of one era, the tragic beginning of another. While her father was in the Confederate Army, her mother, after living through that hot day which marked the shelling of Baton Rouge, had been guided by two faithful slaves to a little cottage some seventeen miles away, used by them before the war as a place of refuge from the epidemics of fever. To this her father had returned after Appomattox with only this 260 acres to be cultivated as best might be by freed slaves returning to their master for protection. It was here that she was born.

When the family moved back to Baton Rouge, Eleanor was three. For twenty-five years it was her home. A home and a community which curiously seems to hold some explanation of the natural influence which in later years she exercised upon her neighbors in the Channel.

"You really can't imagine how poor we were," she says. "We just didn't have anything. But it didn't matter for neither did anyone else. Sometimes it seemed the people who did have any money weren't respectable—for they had made it at the expense of the South."

She draws the picture of that "sleepy little town of between four and five thousand people. No one ever hurried. The very gait of the people on the street was slow and leisurely. I literally knew every living soul, black or white, by their first names. Before the railroad came, when anyone took the river trip to New Orleans, it was customary to visit all about and collect lists of things to purchase. The day of the return was a gala one, when the dresses, dishes, luxuries, and necessities were brought back to those for whom they were intended."

THE influence of her father must have contributed much to her creative years. Descendant of Scotch Presbyterian Covenanters, who had nevertheless broken from the rigidity of their faith to become Episcopalian, certain episodes about him remain in her memory: his refusal to buy cotton for a song from the Confederacy and hold it, as others did, against the day of inevitable defeat; his pride in paying every dollar of the notes against his Baton Rouge plantation, lumber mill, and brick yard despite the poverty it spelled for the remainder of his days; the purchase of Uncle Harry and his wife, Aunt Nancy, from a neighbor to keep them from being separated and sold "down the river," a crumb of bread which returned upon the water a hundredfold—for it was this Uncle Harry and Aunt Nancy who were the sole protection of his wife and family in the years he was at war. She remembers him upon his knees in prayer, during one of the race riots which disturbed that sleeping village in the tragic reconstruction era. In his last years he was honored and respected as dean and secretary of the Louisiana State University, revived and reorganized after the war had seen a complete cessation of higher education.

He died in 1898, and Miss McMain with her mother, whose tranquil influence had ever been a steadying and practical complement to her father's high idealism, went to live with a sister and her husband in New Orleans. Admittedly

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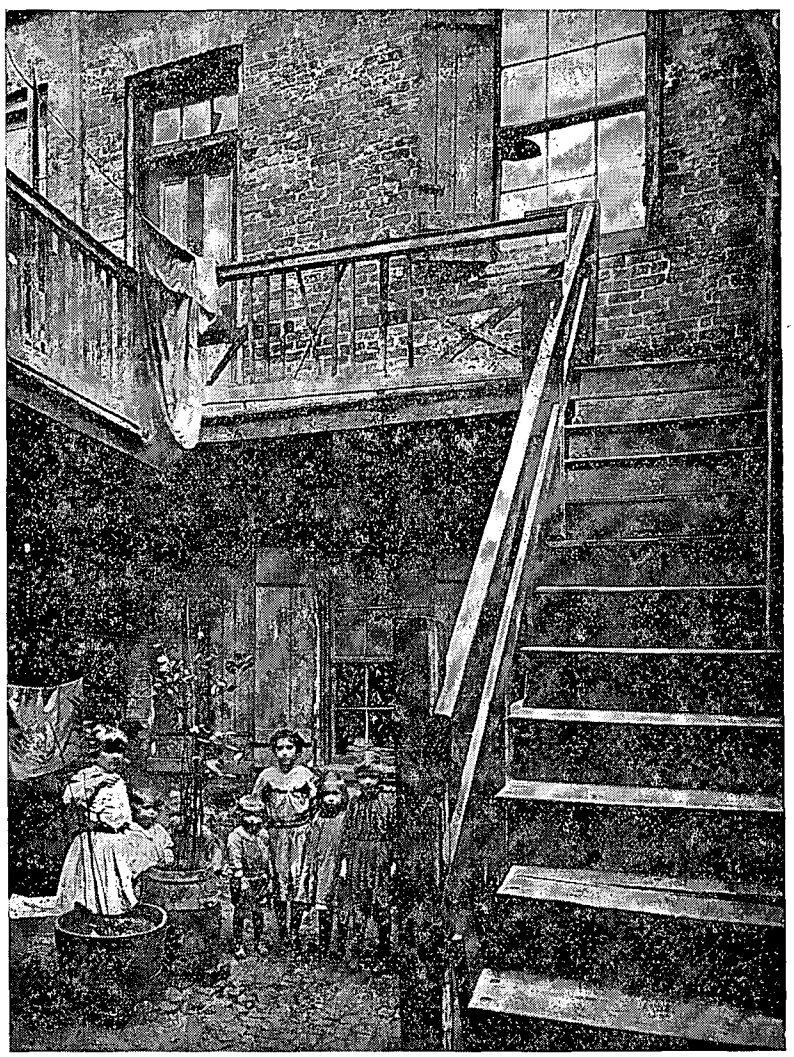
she found housekeeping dull, and after two years an opportunity to take training in the Free Kindergarten Association of that day was met with open arms.

Beverly Warner, a noted Episcopal rector, had just amalgamated his church clubs and class work down in the Irish Channel on Tchoupitoulas Street, with the kindergarten at Erato and Annunciation. Katherine Hardy, the director of this latter, had become head resident of the new project—Kingsley House. There Miss McMain met Margaret Leonard, Harriet Barton, and later Elizabeth Woods, the women whose thirty years of association have made Kingsley House what it is today. There, also, she won the fealty of Black Annie, who "can neither read nor write but whose simple understanding of human nature sometimes makes her the best social worker of us all," says Miss McMain.



"In the famous Irish Channel section of New Orleans still stand the dilapidated tenement survivals of aristocratic earlier days"

The kindergarten counted most in those early days. Miss Hardy was a disciple of Patty Hill who from her kindergarten in Louisville was to revolutionize the training that had been handed down from Froebel—discarding the more formal theories of blocks and cubes, and thrusting the teachers into the homes and lives of the families from whence their children came. Afternoons spent visiting, evenings spent visiting, learning the stark necessities of life such as Eleanor McMain, accustomed though she had been to the simple, genteel poverty of her rural village, had never dreamed. And when two years later marriage took Miss Hardy back to Louisville and Dr. Warner chose Miss McMain to succeed her as head resident, she took the Irish Channel to her heart.

The cumulative history of the trials, the progress, the achievements of the thirty years which are the history of Kingsley House and Eleanor McMain, make a tale longer than it is possible to tell. Episodes stand out: episodes which mark epochs, which give some glimmering of the way in which her personality and her associates found their way into the life of the neighborhood, which picture somewhat the more objective values in her achievements.

Jane Addams must have played no small part in putting this far-away little settlement on the right road. She visited New Orleans in 1900, and in the following summer Miss McMain herself went to Chicago, took special work at the University—in itself a revolutionary thing for a social worker of the New Orleans of that day—spent crowded days at Hull-House and Chicago Commons and came back with all the inspiration and guidance which Miss Addams and Graham Taylor could give her.

An early decision was typical. In origin Kingsley House was Episcopalian; so was its new headworker. Yet in the Irish Channel a sectarian enterprise had no place and it is a tribute to her immediate leadership that almost at once the board was reorganized, with both Catholic and Jewish representation, and its connection with the church completely severed. "I have always felt," Miss McMain recounts, "that Dr. Warner was just a little bit surprised at this. But he never regretted it."

Is it possible to imagine a water faucet playing an all-important part in the creation of a settlement? One did just that. In all that neighborhood there were only open cisterns, to be discovered later as the breeding places of the fever-carrying mosquito—except this one pipe which came to the House on Erato Street, its faucet in the yard beside the cistern. To it, in those long, dry summers which New Orleans sometimes has, came the whole neighborhood; boys and girls with their pails and cups; workmen on the streets; the policeman on his beat. The iron gate with its welcoming squeak was never locked. Nor were there any keys about the place. "Often before we were out of bed in the morning, some boy or girl or mother would find a way to our third-floor rooms with some problem to confront us."

There were Irish gangs in those days that were the talk of the town. The Rip Saws and Shot Towers played their part in trials that have made criminal history in New Orleans. The Channel was the murder area of the city—physicians made their visits to it under escort. Yet upon Miss McMain they seem to have made little impression: "Usually we got to know this one or that one before we ever learned he was a gangster."

There is the story of a twenty-dollar bill, how search high and low failed to divulge the clue to its disappearance. Some weeks later Miss McMain was called from breakfast by one

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The first Camp Onward, in 1909, in an old residence at Mandeville, on Lake Pontchartrain. Community folks contributed what they could to this neighborhood project

of the most famous gangsters of the Channel. "The little brother of my girl took that money. I discovered it—he must not follow in my footsteps. Will you help set him right?" Between Miss McMain and the mother of the boy, he was set right and is a House member today. There is another story of the issue which arose when a club led by the famous criminal lawyer who is her brother-in-law, received application from one well-known gangster of that time. It is enough, perhaps, to say that he is today one of the oldest and most respected members of that club.

Her interest in the welfare of her neighbors has ever been put first. Take the episode of the Boudreaux family—Arcadians from the Evangeline Country by the Bayou Teche. They moved to the Channel some eight years ago, and Miss McMain herself tells of the crisis in their lives: "After a first period of bitter loneliness as 'aliens,' 'outlanders,' the Boudreaux's were admitted to the fold. They were 'one of us.' Last year the oldest boy got into trouble. He was implicated in a hold-up. He had driven the car for the bandits. He made no defense. He confessed fully. He had always been a good boy. No one in the neighborhood had ever heard anything against him. His father and mother, honest, hard-working people, were grief-stricken. The boy, just twenty-one, was coming up for sentence. The neighborhood to a man and woman felt that something must be done, first to get a light sentence, and second to prevail upon the judge to use his influence to have the boy kept away from hardened criminals.

"The court room was packed to the doors with people of the Kingsley House neighborhood; mothers with babies in their arms, fathers who had stayed home from work to go, neighborhood business men, politicians—the workers from the settlement. All had come to testify to the previous good character of Gustave Boudreaux. All had joined their testimony to that of the mothers who had seen Gus grow up along with their own boys, to that of the fathers who had known him and who knew and honored his parents. The judge had heard them all. He gave Gus the minimum sentence and his two confederates, older men, the maximum sentence. He promised to write to the prison officials in behalf of Gus. As the people poured out of the courtroom, they stopped to talk it over with one another."

"You see," said Mr. B., the business man, "when anyone in the Irish Channel gets into trouble, we all stick to him, even when his name is Boudreaux."

And this recorded letter to a New Orleans newspaper in 1921 is but another evidence of the ability of the head resident of Kingsley House "to see," as one of the members of her famous mothers' club puts it, "nothing but the good points in people."

Dear Sirs:

You are in receipt of a protest sent to you from a neighborhood mass meeting, held this Monday evening at Kingsley House. I wish to add to this protest my personal statement.

I am mindful of the many kindnesses, the material help, given to Camp Onward by your newspaper in previous years. For this help, always so generously and so graciously given, I am deeply grateful.

But I absolutely and entirely approve of the protest. I presided at the mass meeting, with all the other Kingsley House residents and workers, I shared in the storm of indignation that swept our neighborhood this afternoon and evening. I should feel ashamed of myself, I should feel ashamed of my friends and neighbors—if we did not *all* resent your article headed, "Seven hundred children of the New Orleans slums to have an outing at Camp Onward."

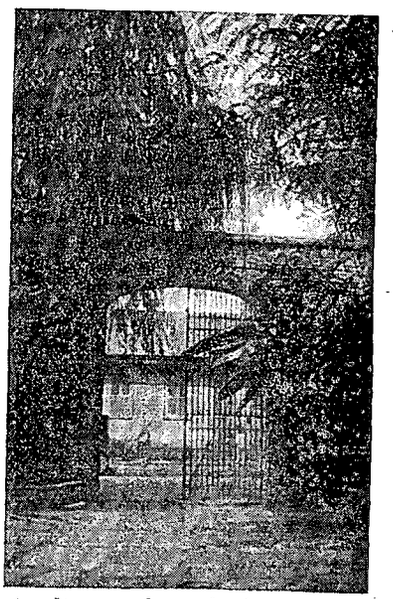
The article is an offense to the self-respect of every one in the neighborhood. The Kingsley House people have a splendid record of loyal service, of unselfish devotion to their churches, to Kingsley House, to their schools. They have given of their time and of their money to every good neighborhood endeavor. Last year they contributed nearly $1000 to Camp Onward, besides giving generously to various Kingsley House activities. People with such a record as this, cannot be called "slum people," nor their children "slum children."

I feel sure that when you realize the effect of this article, you will regret it as deeply as we do, and I hope that you will say so!

By publishing this letter in full, you will greatly oblige.

Yours sincerely, ELEANOR McMAIN

In 1905 New Orleans saw its last great fever epidemic, and Kingsley House was strong enough to play its part. The children of Onward City were given bounties for match boxes filled with dead mosquitoes of their killing. Kingsley House mothers took over the entire Second Ward in the city-wide educational campaign, canvassed every housewife to explain the intent of "fumigating Sunday," and a second time to demonstrate the need for oil upon the water of the open cisterns. This in a neigh-



A glimpse through the gracious gateway of Kingsley House

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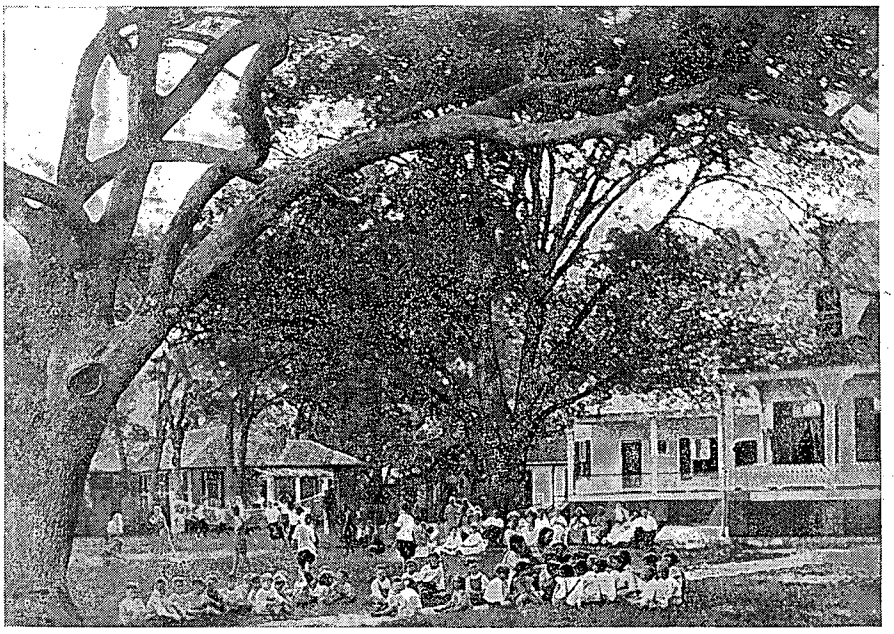
borhood where not so long before people had steadfastly refused to obey this last injunction "because water comes from Heaven." Miss McMain herself went into the fever-stricken district of the Old French Town and by a personal investigation, later published in Charities and The Commons, showed dramatically the relation between the bad housing of that area and the incidence of the epidemic.

Through years of extraordinary romance and achievement, Camp Onward has occupied a place supreme. To it and to Miss McMain during the devastating hurricane of 1909 came an adventure, thrilling and almost tragic in its consequences. The Camp was then across Lake Pontchartrain at Mandeville, in an old residence given over for that purpose. Clouds began to thicken about noon, the wind backed up the water from the Lake, first onto the porch, then into the dining and living rooms. Eventually these were swept away. Miss McMain, Norah the cook, and the thirty children took refuge in an old brick wine cellar—raised, as must be all the "cellars" of this section, above the ground. Even into this the furious wind began to drive the water, by nightfall at least eight feet in depth outside.



The present Camp Onward on the shores of the bay of St. Louis, has developed as a "family" camp which welcomes the whole neighborhood

It was Ferdinand who saved them. Ferdinand, just an ordinary native boy in his early teens, who with the children on their knees in prayer, with Miss McMain herself believing it hardly possible to survive the night, offered to try and swim for a boat. For three hours they waited while the floating pilings of a demolished wharf bombarded their refuge. At midnight a faint wavering light in the distance flickered through the trees. It was Ferdinand with the boat —and all were piloted safely to dry land.

From these first quarters, Camp Onward moved about to other sites until some years ago friends provided the present splendid home on the shores of the Bay of St. Louis. It has consistently developed, not as a boys' camp, nor as a girls' camp, but as a "family" camp to which the whole neighborhood is welcome. And what is more, the whole neighborhood really comes in weekly and week-end pilgrimages.

It is a tradition of the settlement that its influence extends far beyond the confines of its neighborhood. The history of social reform in New Orleans and Louisiana does not have a page on which the name of Eleanor McMain and Kingsley House is not written. Child-labor legislation, the tenement-house code, the municipal recreation system, the School of Social Work, public-school playgrounds, vocational, trade, and evening schools, anti-tuberculosis, child welfare, the Community Chest and Council of Social Agencies—in all of these her personality and the growing group which followed her leadership played an important part.

The list of honors which have come to her is imposing. She was first president of the Woman's League, chairman of the Tenement House Commission, president of the Council of Social Agencies, a member of the executive committee of the National Federation of Settlements—to name only a few. She has been the recipient of the gold medal given by the National Institute of Social Science, and in 1920 The Times-Picayune presented to her its loving cup for the most distinguished civic service to New Orleans in that year.

Following the close of the War she was chosen by the International Federation of Settlements for special work in Paris and it was immediately following this that the climax to her achievement came.

Returning in 1924 from six months in France (and the whole Irish Channel accompanied by a brass band marched down to the boat to meet her) she was met with astounding news. Frank B. Williams, father of the distinguished New Orleans family which makes up Williams, Inc., Louisiana lumbermen, had under consideration an endowment of $1,000,000 for Kingsley House. To this day Miss McMain cannot tell you why he thought of Kingsley House or what earlier seed of interest flowered to this purpose. And just as nothing can seem to happen to her without its dramatic moments, so with this. For when on a Saturday morning, the appropriate representatives were gathered in his office to receive the news officially, he announced with simple suddenness that he had changed his mind; that he had come to doubt the wisdom of endowments; that his gift was to be made for capital expenditures only; that it would be $350,000.

As Miss McMain puts it, "The jubilee celebration all prepared for that Saturday night was like an Irish wake." What a dash to the expectation of an unrivaled and unworried future of assured expansion! Yet reflection and experience has brought tribute to the wisdom of his decision. For Kingsley House, no "dead hand" of permanent endowment will weigh upon its future years.

The Community Chest was organized in New Orleans as the new Kingsley House came into its first twelve months of operation and helped the staff with the burden of a budget more than twice that of the previous year. From an annual expenditure of almost nothing thirty years ago, to $7000 in the middle years of its existence, the annual maintenance now runs well over $30,000. To (*Continued on page* 402)

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Photo by Underwood

A new version of "the prison look"—members of the Mutual Welfare League

Osborne Under Fire

By FRANK TANNENBAUM

IN spite of the obvious good-will, the improved morale and better conduct, there were people here and there who demurred at what Thomas Mott Osborne was doing at Sing Sing. The prison, they said, had lost its terrors, the prisoners were being "coddled." The notion that a changed attitude is best derived from changed activity, was outside the ken of Osborne's critics. This perhaps is not surprising, for bias against the criminal is saturated with older beliefs in the efficacy of punishment; crime and sin are synonymous to the mass of people and the punishment of sin is death; terror and fear are the greatest means of deterring people from evil; the evil-doer must be made an example for the rest of society.

It must be remembered also that between 1912 and the present there have been a number of theories which regard criminal behavior as the result of inborn characteristics that do not lend themselves to "treatment." The bias of the Lombrosian doctrine, paraded under the imposing name of "criminal anthropology," was still treated seriously. It was later fortified by the growth of "instinct psychology," and by the rapid spread of the notion that criminals were imbeciles and morons. It has only recently been shown that intelligence tests applied under similar conditions show that, on the average, there is no substantial difference in the "intelligence" of criminals and of the community. A further theoretical opposition was derived from the rapid spread of Freudian psychology. People talked of "criminal complexes," hasty classifications of "psychopaths" and "psychopathic personality" were applied to the criminal.

The import of all this lies in the fact that Osborne lost much of his intellectual backing. If all of these theories were true; if the mass of criminals were such because of their innate qualities, because of a hereditary taint, because of some "instinct," because of a lack of intelligence, because of some "complex," then all of Osborne's work was beside the point. A situation thus obtained where the "scientists," the "criminologists," and the "sociologists" were bolstering up the older beliefs derived from theological notions of sin. The fact that we now look at behavior in a very different light; the fact that we seek its origin in the habits derived from early experience, contacts, attitudes, beliefs, and practices; and the fact that habitual activity is now attributed to the impingement of the "group" upon the individual career in a much deeper and more detailed fashion than heretofore, merely make Osborne a forerunner in practical application of theories of human behavior that have now won scientific acceptance. Osborne was thus some fifteen years ahead of his generation.

It is perfectly clear from the record, that Osborne's real difficulties came from the lack of backing from the people who had appointed him to office. Unfortunately, the Governor of the State of New York, Charles S. Whitman, was not only a Republican while Osborne was a Democrat, but he was also a successful district attorney who had secured the governorship by the successful prosecution of a notorious crime for which he sent four men to the electric chair. He was also ambitious for a presidential nomination. Being a successful district attorney need not make a man antagonistic to prison reform. But there is a quality of mind and temper derived from prosecuting criminals, which tends to make one doubtful of efforts to reform them.

The Governor, according to Osborne, on various occasions made promises and failed to keep them. He said that he would not keep the then superintendent of prisons. He kept him. He said that he would appoint a commission to investigate Sing Sing, and even suggested the names, and when Osborne repeatedly asked for its appointment, the Governor failed to carry the promise into execution. When the vile personal charges were being prepared against Osborne, the Governor ridiculed them, but when they were placed before the district

The attempt to "get" Thomas Mott Osborne resulted in one of the most famous trials ever held in New York State. The way the evidence was worked up by his enemies and the amazing story of long-term prisoners refusing to give manufactured testimony against him in return for their freedom, are told in this fourth article in the series written by Mr. Tannenbaum in Survey Graphic, from the original records and letter files.

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attorney, the Governor refused to appoint a commission on the ground that he would be interfering with the courts. It is clear that, throughout the course of the attacks on Osborne, the Governor did nothing to protect him and the impression went abroad that he abetted them. At least, Osborne himself certainly came ultimately to believe that.

The Governor could have stopped all the procedure. He could have removed Osborne if he believed the charges. He could have removed the superintendent who was permitting the Prison Department to play an active part against Osborne. He did neither. The removal of John B. Riley, the superintendent of prisons, would have automatically put an end to the prosecution of Osborne. The removal of Osborne would have made a "martyr of him," as Riley testified before the grand jury, and the Governor did not wish to do that. So it is clear, at least, that whatever direct responsibility for the attempt to ruin Osborne may or may not attach to Former-Governor Whitman, indirectly the whole procedure would have been impossible if it had been known that the Governor stood back of Osborne.

To follow various attempts to force Osborne from office, one must understand something of the internal politics in Sing Sing Prison. As soon as a measure of self-government developed, the prisoners divided into two classes, the "highbrows" and the "roughnecks." The first class always referred to themselves as "first-timers" and to the others as "criminals." The roughnecks looked upon the highbrows with contempt and talked of them as "silk stockings." A roughneck, pointing to a conspicuous highbrow, said one day to Osborne: "What in hell is that guy doin' in Sing Sing? He's had a fine family; he's had an education, plenty of money, and a good bringing up. He's had all the things us guys 've never had; and I would like to know what business he has in a place like this." The roughnecks were the gangsters, thieves, robbers, stick-up men—the rough lot, thrown up mainly by city slums, with no loyalties except to their own little gang. The silk stockings were the bankers, lawyers, the well-to-do men of education and family. They had no loyalties within the prison. Between them and the roughnecks there was open hostility for control of the prison. This was accentuated by the fact that, before Osborne came to the prison, the previous warden, in imitation of what had been done at Auburn, had given this group control over what inmate government had been set up, and they had so stacked the cards as to keep the roughnecks out of power.

With Osborne's arrival, things began to change. Democracy was what Osborne wanted for those who most needed the lesson in self-government and self-discipline. The result was that the highbrows gradually lost control of the inmate government. They never forgave Osborne for that. Said an ex-banker, "He wanted . . . jail birds . . . he wanted criminals to run the Mutual Welfare League."

One factor in the attack on Osborne was the superintendent of prisons, John B. Riley. He was suffering from cancer and was known to be a dying man. In fact, Governor Whitman had used this as an excuse for not removing him from office. During the entire incumbency of Osborne at Sing Sing the Superintendent visited the prison only four times and three of these were for meetings of the parole board. On his visits he did not, except once, go down into the prison, nor did he discuss the prison and its problems with the Warden. As Osborne says, he did not seem interested. But for months he poured upon Osborne a flood of correspondence filled with petty details and bad temper. Riley was ill, irritable, and seemingly jealous.

IT was over the question of transfers from Sing Sing that the final break came between the Superintendent and the Warden. To understand the problem involved, it is essential to remember that the cells in Sing Sing are only 7 feet long, 7 feet high, and 3 feet 4 inches wide. It had become necessary under Osborne's two predecessors to crowd two men into many of these. Some relief was had from the establishment of a dormitory, but even so there were not enough cells to care for all of the prisoners individually. One of the requests made by the prisoners when Osborne first took office, was that doubling up should be abolished. Osborne promised to do it. But when he prepared the second story of the cart and wagon shop as a dormitory, the superintendent refused permission.

The Superintendent kept insisting that men be transferred from Sing Sing to other prisons so as to avoid doubling up. But that was obviously only an excuse. On the face of the record there was on the average a surplus population in Sing Sing of 168, in Auburn 113, in Clinton 227. In other words, Clinton Prison, to which the men were to be transferred for punishment or, as the Superintendent put it, "on account of discipline," was more crowded than Sing Sing. There was one prison, Great Meadow, which had on an average some 450 unused cells which could have been employed to relieve the crowding in the other prisons. But the rules for the transfer of men to that prison were such as to make it impossible for the Warden of Sing Sing to avail him-

Photo by Brown Brothers

A lecturer addressing the whole convict population at Sing Sing

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self of idle space in the newest of the state prisons.

Other factors were involved. Men had previously been transferred from Sing Sing for disciplinary reasons. Under the Mutual Welfare League this became impossible. The whole structure of the League rested upon the accepted understanding that infractions of the rules within the prison would be punished by the prison community. It also rested upon the assumption that the prison officials would not punish the men a second time for the same offense. To have done that would have been to destroy the very foundation of the attempt at self-government. Transfer to Clinton Prison was therefore to be had only on grounds other than discipline. The Superintendent refused to recognize this simple fact, in spite of his having permitted and allowed its development both in Sing Sing and in Auburn and in spite of his having made a speech at the opening of the Sing Sing courts.

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Mr. Osborne at the Warden's desk in Sing Sing

To make matters still worse, the Warden was given little discretion in the matter of the men to be transferred. The lists were made up in Sing Sing, but when they were returned from Albany, many changes and substitutions were included so that no one knew who was to be transferred until the final list was actually returned from the Superintendent's office. A further complicating factor was found in the fact that enemies of Osborne always managed, by fraud and forgery, to include in the lists some of the pivotal men in the shops. The transfers were therefore used to cripple the efficiency of the work in the Sing Sing industries.

In spite of these numerous complicating factors, Osborne actually transferred 737 prisoners between December 1, 1914, and July 1, 1915, or 262 more than during the same time in the previous year. In fact, he had transferred more prisoners than was necessary to take up the increase in admissions to Sing Sing during the entire year—from October, 1914, to October, 1915.

But the facts were beside the point. It was the temper of the situation that was important. Riley was trying to get Osborne out of office. As he admitted before the grand jury when this matter was under discussion, "I was afraid he wouldn't resign."

During this period of controversy, Osborne had occasion to make a public address. Under the strain he let himself go and told the truth as to what was happening, and, as he himself said, told more than he intended to say. The press gave the speech full publicity. This led Superintendent Riley to issue a public statement condemning Osborne, in which he denied that Osborne had made any serious contributions to reforming Sing Sing. Osborne refused to enter into a public controversy with his superior officer and in reply to questions by reporters, he said: "If all the things that Riley says of me are true, why doesn't he investigate me? I am here to be investigated."

But nothing happened. The Governor did nothing. He promised to remove Riley and appoint George W. Kirchwey to the office—that much he said to Osborne in the Warden's parlor in Sing Sing on July 7, 1915, when he visited the prison after the public scandal just detailed. But he did nothing.

With the open break between Osborne and Superintendent Riley the situation entered a new phase. Riley had failed to force Osborne's resignation. It was now attempted to drive him from office "one way or another." The source of these conspiracies was the highbrows who had a grudge against Osborne, and the center of the conspiracy came to be Great Meadow Prison where they were assembled, for if Osborne transferred one of them to Clinton Prison, he was immediately retransferred to Great Meadow and given special privileges. Each new arrival from Sing Sing or Clinton who was known to be inimical to Osborne was visited by the Superintendent's confidential clerk or by the Superintendent himself.

THE tale as revealed comes largely from the statements made by the men involved or from the minutes of the grand jury. As soon as a certain ex-banker was transferred to Great Meadow, he received a visit from the Superintendent and is reported to have said that "we are going to land him."

One way of landing him that suggested itself was to create a disturbance in Sing Sing. "You know," said one of the highbrows, "this man has a weakness for coming into the mess hall and talking to the mob; and if you can only get the mob to stamp and hoot him when he comes in, believe me, he will go back and pack up his grip and get back to Auburn as fast as he can make the dust fly." And so two men who agreed to give Osborne a "hooting" were transferred to Sing Sing for that purpose. But the hooting did not come off, nor did a prepared riot for which a prisoner had been purposely transferred from Clinton. When he saw the conditions in Sing Sing, he felt that he would be "going back on his fellows" and refused to carry out his part of the bargain.

One of the prisoners working in the Warden's office was

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offered ten dollars to steal the Warden's engagement book so that they would be able to know when Osborne was at the prison and when he was away. That would have saved them from making serious flaws. The prisoner refused, and told Osborne about it. The attempted theft was being engineered by an agent of the Prison Department. A saloonkeeper just outside the state property was asked by an agent of the Prison Department, a man whom he knew to be such, to entice some prisoners working on the road into his saloon and have some girls there so that photographs could be snapped of them. This man, Philip Boaun, refused, and made a sworn statement which he turned over to Osborne. He was later punished through local political connections in Ossining by having his mortgage foreclosed. When an attempt was made to save him, the mortgage company said that "he had made some powerful enemies" and nothing could be done for him.

A prisoner transferred to Sing Sing from Great Meadow made an attempt to secure from the record clerk, who was a convict, the names of some of the wives of the prisoners, visiting their husbands. The record clerk revealed the story, saying: "I may be a thief, Warden, but I don't know what I have done to make them think I would do any such dirty work as they want me to do." The plan was to get wives of some of the prisoners to agree to testify that they were allowed to visit their husbands in the Warden's house, and that the Warden himself made improper advances to them.

When by agreement with some of the men whom Osborne could trust, a few names were given, the women were actually visited by a representative of the Department.

Because of his opposition to the death penalty, Osborne had made it a habit to absent himself from Sing Sing on the day of an execution, as a protest against the procedure. The day before the execution of Charles Becker, the New York police lieutenant convicted by Whitman in connection with the killing of a New York gambler, the prison swarmed with visitors, reporters, and the idly curious. As a precautionary measure Osborne issued an order that no one should be allowed within the prison without his personal, written order. That night there arrived the confidential agent of the Superintendent of Prisons. He gave no indication of his purpose, made no requests, just sat around the office waiting. To Osborne this seemed a curious and doubtful sign. What did he want?

Osborne decided not to leave Sing Sing that night and after a sleepless night he retired at six in the morning to snatch a bit of rest. But he had no sooner fallen asleep than he was awakened by the insistence of the confidential agent for a pass into the prison. He had been permitted in once before that morning and without saying anything to Osborne, he had gone to the principal keeper's office, and gotten the two clerks to make a complete sweep of all the papers on file, had bundled them into newspapers, and was prepared to carry them away. He had gone out to telephone for a taxi and, on trying to return again to collect his papers, the guard refused him admission and awakened Osborne. Speeding down to the station with two friends, Osborne found the confidential agent sitting on the platform with a bag between his feet —he had missed the train and the papers were recovered.

Osborne made a copy of them—676 individual, miscellaneous orders initialed by Osborne. He sent copies to the Superintendent with an offer to place the originals at his disposal if he wanted them. He also protested against what amounted to the theft of papers from a government office without the knowledge or consent of its responsible head, and without an opportunity to make a copy of the papers for file or even a record of them. To this protest Osborne never received an answer. What did they want them for? These slips of paper with Osborne's initials on them, and the diary which an attempt had been made to steal before, would have made it easy to forge orders from Osborne for the passing of prisoners to the main office, and the diary would have saved them from making mistakes as to the dates when he was not at Sing Sing.

THESE underhanded attacks upon Osborne had dragged through from April to the end of July of 1915, and Osborne had won. Then suddenly out of a clear sky came a dispatch to The New York Tribune on August 4, 1915, under the title, Osborne Must Go by Tuesday or Be Ousted. This article detailed Osborne's faults of omission and commission and said that "the Superintendent of Prisons is only waiting word from Governor Whitman to remove him." This unexpected outburst from a Republican paper that had hitherto been friendly, found responsive chords in other papers, and editorials began to appear all over the state under such captions as A Quarrelsome Warden, Why Doesn't He Resign? Warden Osborne's Betrayal of Trust. But the press was not all one way. The New York Globe and The World came strongly to his defense, and when he returned to Sing Sing from a two-weeks vacation the prisoners cheered themselves hoarse for their returning warden. Even The Tribune, which had led the attack, said, "Emotions ran high during this demonstration, unique in prison annals." Again the attack seemed to have failed.

Photo by Underwood

Governor Whitman of New York

But his enemies were going to drive Osborne from office even if in the process they had to destroy his character, take from him his good name, and send him to prison as a felon. He received a letter from the Superintendent of Prisons to the effect "that no reports of punishments have been received since you entered upon your duties as warden." Osborne replied, what Riley already knew, that "all infractions of the rules are being handled by the League courts"—for the prison officials to have punished the men after they had been disciplined by the inmate courts would have been to punish a man twice for the same offense and it would have made inmate self-government impossible. The superintendent knew all of this, as the

(*Continued on page* 399)

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Carrying Water on Both Shoulders

By FLORENCE E. ALLEN

MUCH of the cream of human experience has been entrusted to the keeping of homely expressions which we use without suspecting that they embody the wisdom of the human race. "Carrying water on both shoulders" has its origin in primitive experience, but it serves today, no doubt as effectively as ever, to test human motive for singleness of purpose. It describes the dual attitude of the man who "would not play false and yet would falsely win." Many good people shudder at what they call "the brutality of vivisection," but hesitate to take a stand which would defeat the benefits, if any, which might accrue to modern medicine through the practice of which they themselves would not approve. They are *against* the practice, but *for* the benefits. This double attitude runs through both our private and our public life.

As a nation we want the benefits of a friendly attitude on the part of our South American neighbors, but we want also to be allowed complete and unrestrained freedom to choose what our conduct toward them is to be. We want them to think well and favorably of us in spite of what we sometimes do.

Photo by Standiford, Cleveland, Ohio

Judge Florence E. Allen of the Supreme Court of Ohio

Tax laws, customs regulations, traffic rules are evaded by so-called law-abiding citizens who complain bitterly of the gunman and the racketeer but claim the privilege of deciding which of the community regulations they themselves may break. Modern government offers the citizen the temptation of accepting comfort and security enjoyed by few people in the past and of giving in return only the taxes and service required by law. It is probable that the rise and fall of a nation may be plotted by the same curve which traces the growing failure of its citizens to realize that they are a responsible part of the state, that they cannot with impunity accept the protection of the state without making a return for the benefits received. The state is endangered by anyone, whether woman of leisure or stenographer, idle man or teacher, who does not realize that his duty is a determinable relationship, a fact, not some vaguely patriotic deed to be performed occasionally or when he will.

The duty of a citizen of Chicago is not the same as the duty of a citizen of the little bankrupt town of Cranbury, but in both cases it is a determinable fact. It is in the undefined no man's land of citizenship, that vast heedlessness, that selfishness which ignores the health of the body politic, that the danger lies.

During one especially active term of the grand jury of Cuyahoga County, Ohio, 823 indictments were returned, and the five thousand people whom it was necessary to interview during the drawing of the indictments fell roughly into two classes, neither of which was in any way concerned with the public aspects of the work of the grand jury. Those who did not come to ask that the defendant be discharged, whether he was guilty or not, came to ask that he be indicted, whether guilty or not, because he was involved with them in some civil controversy. They came, in other words, either to win the personal favor of the court because the defendant was their son or brother, or to secure the services of the court as a collection agency. During that term of three months only one man, a clergyman, came to the grand jury prosecutor to discuss a case from the point of view of the general welfare. The thousands were looking for personal advantage or relief and were willing that injustice should be done for their benefit, willing that the law should punish all but them or their friends. The machinery of government cannot "establish justice, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty" when it is being used by the people themselves for other purposes. Justice and liberty were not established by a declaration, but demand close and constant attention. They are not a mere by-product of human society, they are the fine flower of civilization and cannot thrive in the deserted, neglected no man's land to which they have been relegated.

Man is lazy. That is a fault he does not

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share with the animals, who care for themselves in the wild state and become parasites only when they are forced to become a part of man's scheme. A colony of bees is wiser about the "bee" government than any human group ever organized has shown itself to be about human government. On their own plane of consciousness, it is obvious that bees have nothing to learn.

Monarchy thrived for ages on man's laziness. Our American caliber is not higher than that of the man who suffered under tyranny, but we have been lashed into action here on a different stage where we were forced to think and act for ourselves and to pay as we went. A frontiersman could not accept benefits for which he did not make a return. Government was too simple, action and reaction too immediate.

The cumulative effect of bad judgment in citizenship is being reaped in some of our great centers of population today. Something over a generation ago politics began to take on a tainted reputation, good people everywhere avoided the "game of politics," and there began a very active era of welfare work, of organized charity, of the building of boulevards, museums, public libraries and parks. Slums were wiped out, better housing, better education, community movements took our attention. All good things—but not a substitute for clean politics. Politics do not cease to function simply because good people withdraw and decide to ostracize the politician. While cities improved in appearance, the lower element gradually took control of the inner processes and today these beautiful cities are fighting against being ruled by gangs of organized criminals.

THE founders of this republic said, "In other countries the king is law, but in America law is king." One hundred and fifty years later, a short span in history, our criminal classes exceed in size and ingenuity those of any other nation. One of our greatest jurists has declared that the administration of our criminal courts is a disgrace to civilization. The supreme court of one state has recently set aside a city election because it was found that the whole proceeding was tainted with fraud. The supreme court of another state has recently held its governor guilty of a felony. Like the man who shudders at the low estate of the vivisectionist, we are horrified at these conditions, but we pay our taxes and let some one else do the reforming.

But one's faith in what has been called the infinitude of the private citizen is renewed by the way in which the average citizen does take hold occasionally and set things right. There are thousands of him, enough to make a difference when he gets into action.

Some years ago the Court of Common Pleas in Cleveland was working under an old system which had been formulated in simpler days and was in many respects inadequate to meet the needs of the modern situation. No one of its twelve judges was executive head of the system and consequently many things happened without the knowledge of the court. In one case, a prosecution for theft, the prosecuting witness who had been robbed was held for three months in an old county jail and the thief was released on bail. When this case came into court the judge published the facts in an effort to arouse the public to the condition of its courts. Eventually the matter, together with other similar abuses, was taken up by men's and women's organizations, the Cleveland Foundation arranged a survey of the courts, their recommendations were later embodied in law, and today no witness can languish in jail, other evils—like delay—have been eliminated, and the efficiency of the court has been doubled. These changes were the result of the vigorous action of the people themselves. Through mass meetings, church meetings, petitions and letters they set going the momentum which moved the state legislature to enact the new law.

Judge Allen gathers her crops

Avoiding or forgetting our duty in relation to each other as citizens acts like a boomerang, for decay is the side-companion of irresponsibility. Their heads are fastened together like the fabled pleasure and pain of Socrates. Where one goes the other follows; they are two ends of the same stick.

Being good citizens should not require the introduction of a new element into our lives. It is part of man's normal honesty that he set himself square in all his relationships. He is forced eventually to face his personal relationships honestly or to lose his equilibrium, and as a citizen the same rule applies. Only by keeping the right attitude, by being clear-eyed and honest about the general welfare can he do his part in preserving his own center of gravity as well as that of the state. If he is guided by ambition, or thoughts of personal gain, or comfort; if he is simply indifferent; if deliberately or unthinkingly he accepts the benefits of selfishness and blinds himself to the needs of the state; if he tries to serve two masters, himself and the state, then he injures the state.

Robespierre as a young judge refused to inflict the death sentence in a case where he thought the penalty unjust. Today he is remembered for the number of public murders committed by him. Napoleon began by being a patriot and ended by being only a conqueror. Each at some point lost his spiritual center of gravity. Each began well but at some hour of temptation was unable to remain single-minded, to forego the attempt to serve self and state. In a minor way each of us plays the Robespierre and it is the cumulative effect of just such double dealing which bends the arc of a nation toward the horizon. We cannot serve two masters.

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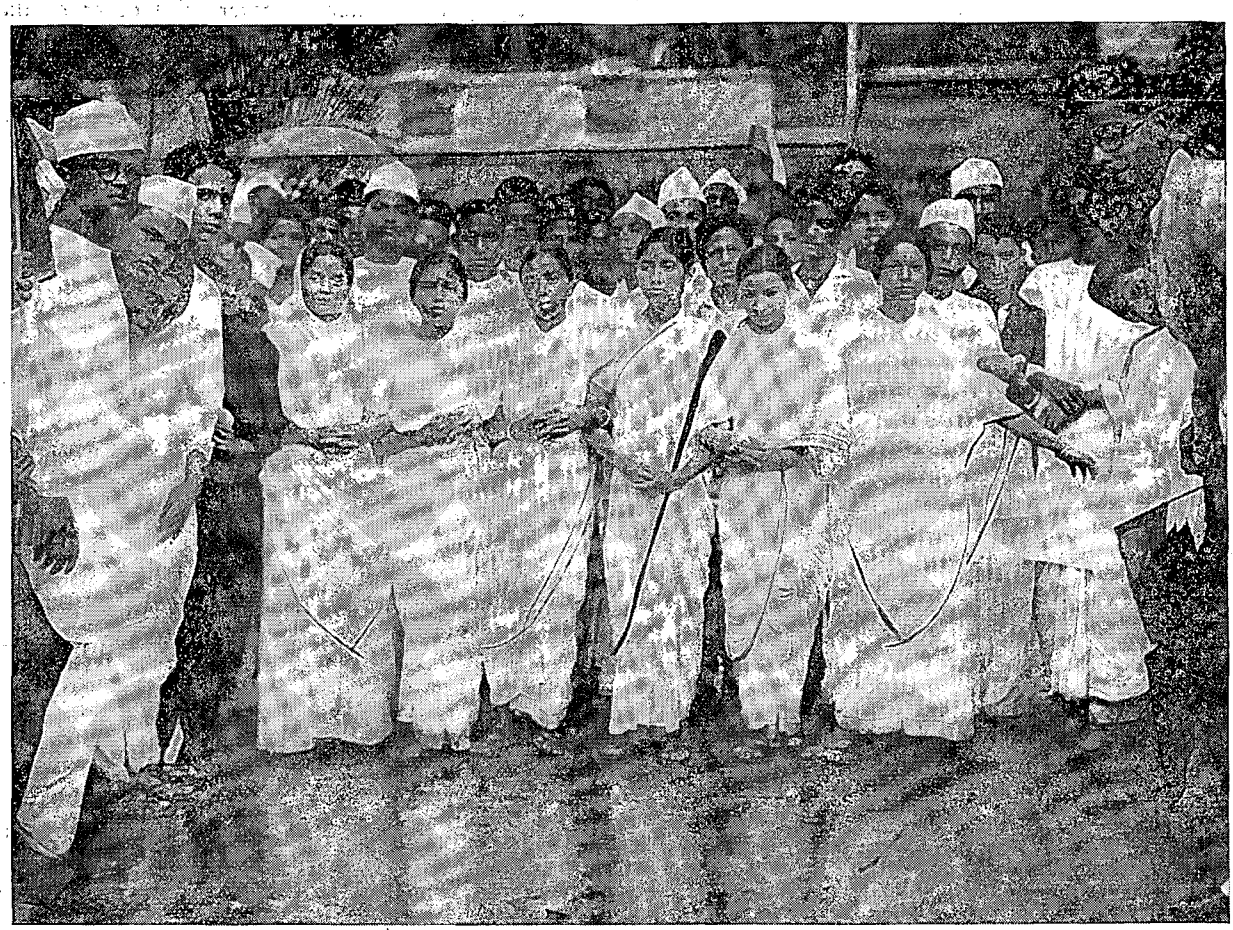

Hindu co-eds picketing college gates in India in behalf of Gandhi's non-cooperative movement

What Next in India?

By N. B. PARULEKAR

THE only group of people occasionally giving out an optimistic forecast for the coming year in India is that of the astrologers and fortune-tellers. Aside from their prognostications, appearing now and then in Indian papers, the forecast is as dark as ever. The deadlock between the Government and the Indian National Congress continues without any immediate signs of relaxation and there is every likelihood that the tale of unrest, agitation, and repression is to continue during the next year. Talking the other day in Bombay with one of the authorities of a foreign government, I naturally asked his opinion as to when normal conditions would be restored. He shook his head and said, "Probably a fortune-teller may answer that question." This indicates that deep in the minds of men is the feeling that the chasm between the British interest and national demands is too great to be bridged in the near future.

Contemporaneously with the session of the Round Table Conference in London, the Government is trying to break up all the organizations of the Indian National Congress so that when the conclusions of that Conference are made known in the country there may not be an organized opposition to them. The viceroy has issued his ninth ordinance declaring Congress committees, youth leagues, women's political organizations, and so on, to be unlawful assemblies, and empowering local authorities to disperse them, confiscate their property, and punish whoever may be suspected of even the slightest connection with them. On one day thirty such organizations were declared unlawful in the city of Bombay, their property attached, doors locked and police posted in front of them. On that day between two and three o'clock in the afternoon sixty men were tried in one court in Bombay at the rate of a man a minute and sentenced from four to six months' rigorous imprisonment for being Congress volunteers. From the four districts of the Central Provinces, 1300 men were arrested during the three days of October 12, 13, and 14. In one small *taluk* (county) in Gujrath, on a single day twenty-one volunteer camps were broken up by the police and their doors locked. At Howrah, Bengal, fifty-three young Bengalese were arrested within a few hours for burning British goods and preaching British boycott in the bazars.

Apparently the Government is anxious to round up as many men as possible during these last few weeks of the year so that there may be less opposition in the following year and the country at large may get settled down to a new set of reforms in the absence of national leadership. Men who were sentenced from six to nine months in the beginning of the year have had to be released at the expiration of their terms but were immediately rearrested, tried within the jail, and

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sentenced to another period of imprisonment. The case of Jawharlal Nehru is illustrative of hundreds and thousands of others. The president of the Indian National Congress was released—within two days he was served with a notice prohibiting him from making public speeches. Then he was arrested—not for disobeying the order but for having made a speech before the order was issued.

After a year's program of non-violent non-cooperation, India has the appearance of a jail within a jail. There are at least sixty thousand men inside Government penitentiaries. Old mills are turned into extra jails in Bengal, while in Bombay, Punjab, and the United Provinces the Government is at a loss for places to confine fresh prisoners. Riding in the trains, you see arrested people carried along from jail to jail for want of room. Labor tenement-houses have to be converted into additional jails, while thousands of prisoners are put under tents in the open with only a nominal fence and a few guards.

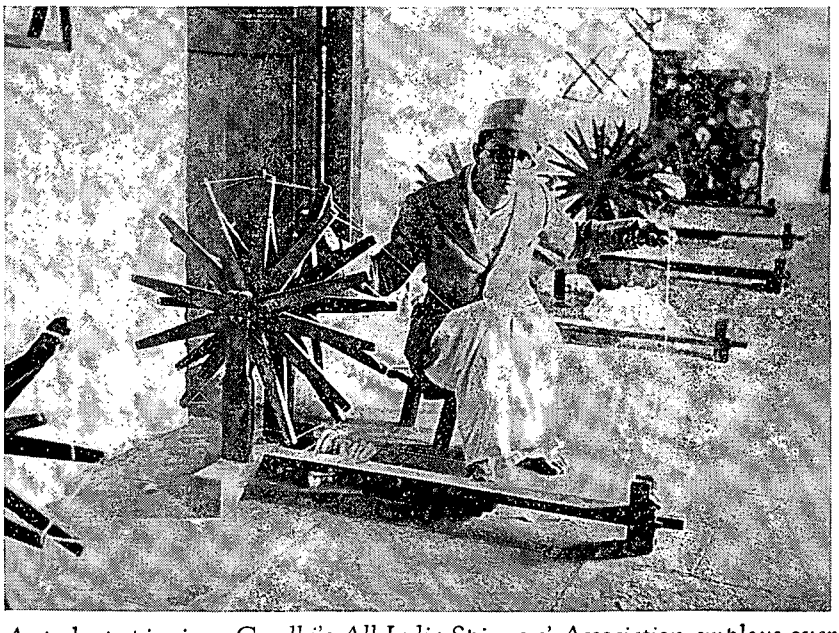
As the followers of Gandhi adhere to the principle of non-violence the Government is thankful that it can do with a small number of police and the word of honor of the political convicts. Indeed, it has been the least difficult task for the Government to jail these people. Many of them surrender themselves voluntarily at the police station, while others are taken in procession by the public to the police quarter where they offer themselves for arrest. In Bombay the authorities inform the Congress leaders on the telephone that a warrant is out against them and that they should walk over to the police station for trial and custody. As soon as Mr. Nariman heard of a warrant against him, he informed the police of his whereabouts and delivered himself into custody.

But the number of passive resisters is by no means being substantially reduced. It is becoming physically impossible to jail all the offenders; so the Government picks only a select few, known to be leaders. For every one of the sixty thousand now in jail there are at least ten active Congress workers who are still at large and whom the Government permits to carry on their propaganda on account of sheer official helplessness. In other words, there are at least six hundred thousand Congress volunteers scattered throughout the country and actively engaged in a militant program of non-cooperation. This is the Congress army which is being fed and clothed by the public from voluntary subscriptions and whose ranks are being filled automatically as soon as they are either jailed or disabled by police charges. Every one of them belongs to an "unlawful assembly," and in helping these men any one is running the risk of being sentenced to several months of hard labor plus a few thousand rupees fine. In addition to these active workers, there are thousands willing to participate in any program of civil disobedience.

On the other hand, the country has been a vast jail for the Britishers themselves. The viceroy and higher authorities find themselves isolated from the public at large. They are treated like outcasts and boycotted from the public program. The governor of Bombay, who formerly was invited to schools, athletic tournaments and other functions as a guest of honor, has now to content himself with attending only military concerts and tournaments. During this whole year, there was only one municipality in the Bombay Presidency, which dared to invite Sir Fredrick Sykes, the governor of Bombay. Soon it was found out that for twenty miles people from neighboring villages and the country had gathered along the road with black flags and shouting, "Go back, Sykes!" It required literally a thousand extra policemen to guard the governor's road, and what is still more significant is that the policemen and the subordinate officers were so strictly boycotted in the town that they could not buy even bread or tea. The Madras governor goes to see a missionary college *on a holiday,* to avoid the students. The president of the College thereupon prohibits students from entering the premises, and police are posted at all the doors; yet a group of three to four hundred college men gather themselves with Gandhi caps and enter the college gates. The police have to disperse them with lathis.

IF the officials are barred out from public contacts, the plight of the British business man is still worse, because he is facing complete ruin without any sign of relief. British sales agents cannot go out of Bombay and the few large cities, as the boycott against them is severe in the district town bazars and there are no customers for their goods. In large cities there is picketing of British goods; not only are British-owned department stores picketed by Congress volunteers, but in the city itself there are inspection centers at special points of traffic against British consignments. In the city of Bombay alone from forty to fifty million rupees' worth of foreign cloth lies sealed with the native merchants who cannot release their capital because of the boycott. An agricultural college undergraduate told me that he and his companions on a tour of observation of agricultural conditions, could not buy even cigarettes or food simply because they came from a government college. Honorable Tambe, a native minister to the government of central provinces, motors from Nagpur to Amraoti, a distance of several hundred miles, to avoid the hostile demonstrations which he would receive from station to station if traveling by rail.

The Government managed to nominate members for the



A student spinning. Gandhi's All India Spinners' Association employs over one hundred thousand hand spinners in branches all over the country

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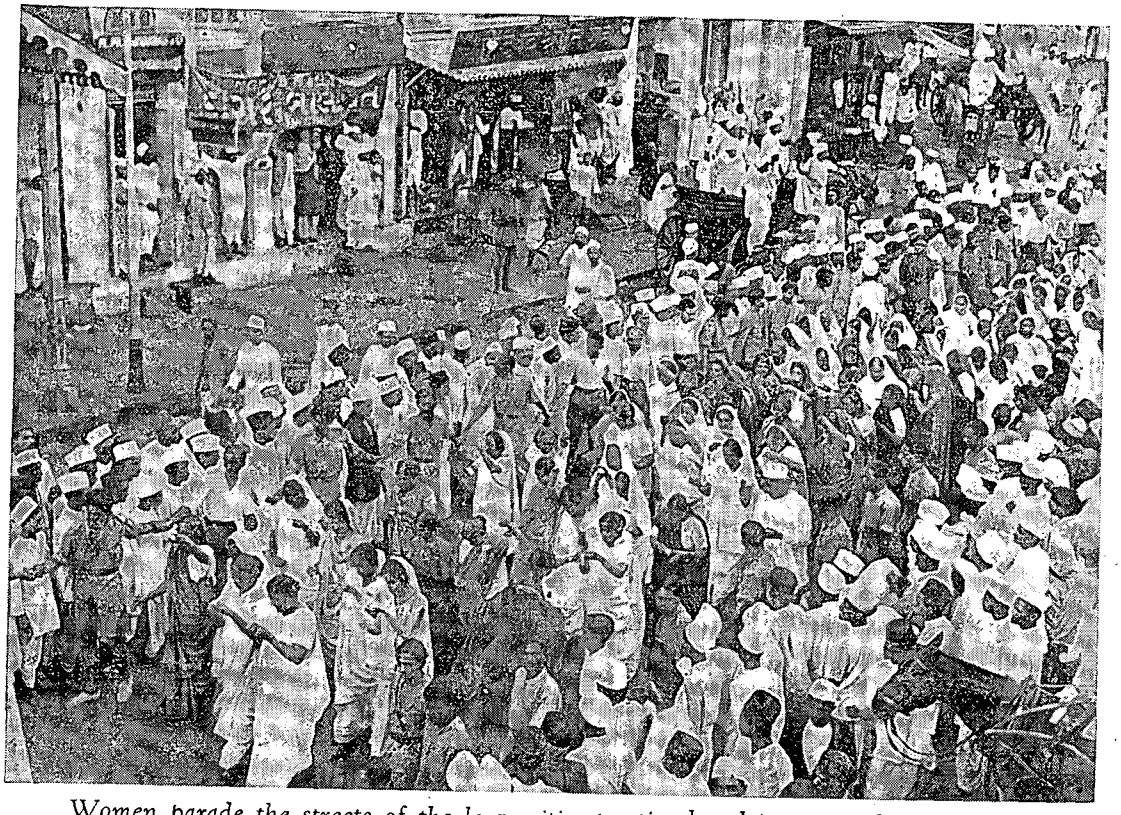

Women parade the streets of the large cities to stimulate leisure-time hand weaving

London Round Table Conference which has been boycotted by the country at large. In fact, the public has resolutely decided to stand aloof and be non-cooperative until Congress tells them otherwise. Simultaneously with the nomination of members of the Round Table Conference, there were elections for the next session of the legislatures. These were completely boycotted by the people—so much so that a large percentage of them were uncontested. For the university seat in the Bombay Council, only 3 votes were cast from the whole electorate of Ahmedabad, a city of 300,000. At Nadiad only 32 voters cast their votes out of a voting strength of 7000. For every vote cast there were ten volunteers arrested for picketing the polling booths. In Poona, at one of the important booths, of 8700 voters only 84 went to the polls. At Surat the total voting was about 70, while the arrests of the picketers went up to 202. In several places presidency magistrates had to pass orders under Section 114, Criminal Procedure Code, prohibiting for two days processions, meetings, picketings, or public assemblies. The result was that in the ballot boxes were found a number of Congress slogans like, "Win Swaraj," "Boycott Elections," and so forth. In Bombay the total vote was 1473; that is a little over 2 per cent of the normal vote. At Karachi, the Karachi municipality peon was made to stand for election, just to spite the candidate who was the city councillor. The peon obtained 2557 votes as against 628 for the city father. From the three districts of the Sind provinces an unknown "untouchable" was elected against one Barrister Permanand, the sitting moderate member. The "untouchable" secured 3895 votes as against 445 for the opposing barrister. In Punjab Council a barber polled 2115 votes as against his opponent's 377. This story was repeated in almost every section of the country where the Congress either completely boycotted the legislature or made a farce out of the business by supporting illiterate nonentities.

The Government is losing revenue. At the beginning of the movement the Bombay Government expected a deficit in its budget to the extent of a million rupees. It has gone up to twenty million. A number of small taxes are opposed by the people, and often in getting them collected the Government has to spend more money than the dues. Especially its income from liquor, salt tax, and forest tax is fast dwindling, and on account of boycott of foreign textile goods, the collections of import duties are falling off. The yearly auction of licenses of liquor shops in the Poona district brought to the Government about 2000 rupees this year as against 300,000 last year. At Lucknow, women are picketing liquor shops day and night with the result that it is growing difficult for the Government to auction them, as no bidder likes to risk social ostracism and the loss of his entire business. In Gujrath, picketing of liquor shops was organized to cover large fairs where country folks usually gather for the annual festivity. At one such place the picketing was so successful that liquor of about two rupees at the most was sold as against the usual average sale of five hundred to seven hundred rupees a day. In Karachi, Government bonded warehouses whence liquor is distributed, are picketed. The local officials tried to supply liquor to the licensees in the dead of night but were discovered by the Congress volunteers, who made impossible the transport of liquor to the shops. Finally, the Government removed liquor storage from its usual site to the military camp several miles outside the city. In many rural fairs the Congress workers completely stopped the sale of liquor and opened instead booths where free milk was supplied. In order to protect its revenue from liquor shops, the Government is arresting picketers in

The wife of Mahatma Gandhi

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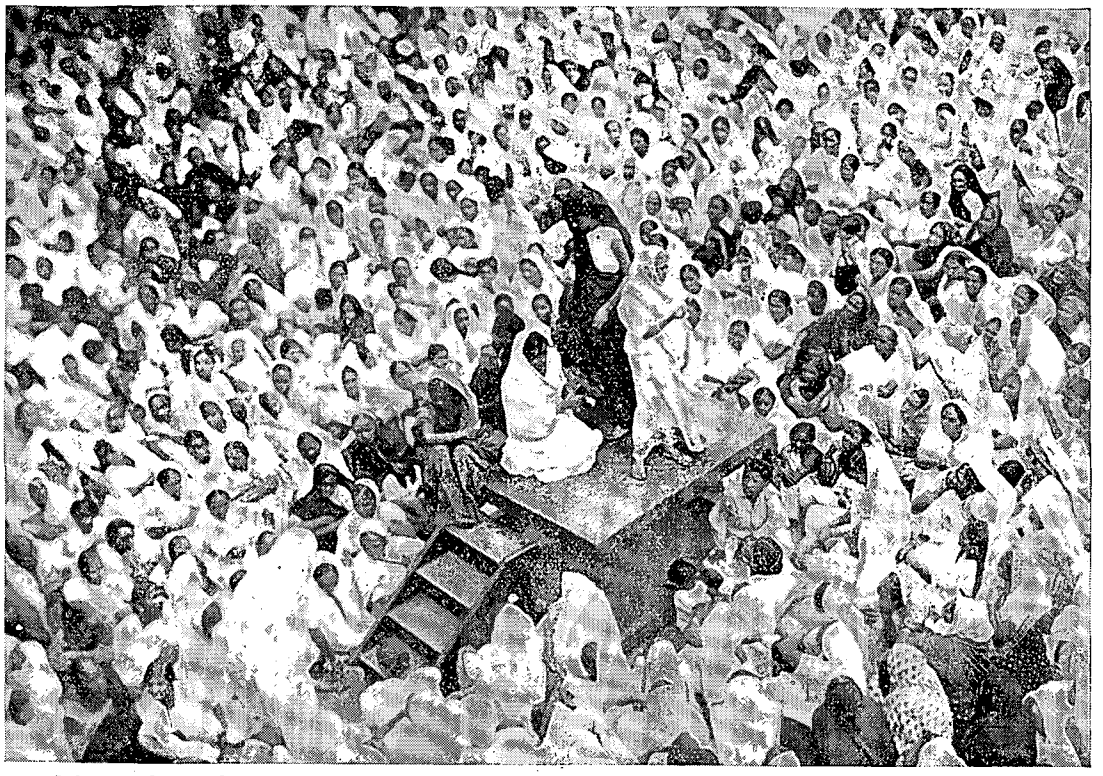
large numbers, is passing special prohibitive orders against even loitering within a few hundred yards from liquor booths; nevertheless it grows daily more difficult to keep up this trade. Liquor regulations ordinarily require shops to open only between 10:30 A. M. and 8:30 P. M. but now authorities permit them to remain open from 6 A. M. to 10 P. M.—sixteen hours at a stretch, and to sell outside of regulated shops.

Add to this the decision of farmers, particularly in Gujrath, not to pay any land tax until Mahatma Gandhi's release. Villages are deserted upon the approach of Government police parties and revenue collectors. Farmers in Bardoli Taluk have given up 117,000 acres of land valued at about sixty million rupees. It is also reported that the standing crop may be worth about five million rupees. Some of the agriculturists who could not harvest before the police arrived, set the crop on fire. In Bardoli, attachments are going on for non-payment of land revenue. Three motor-buses belonging to a Mr. Chitubhai of Haripura, together with three carts of rice, were confiscated to recover his arrears of eighteen rupees. Three buffaloes similarly attached from a farmer were put up at auction by the authorities but it is reported that not even the butchers of the locality would bid them.



Mrs. Nehru exhorts the women to boycott British goods and organize a no-tax campaign

The Government attaches property valued many times more than their dues, but finds it next to impossible to auction it. Then, of course, there is the difficulty of transporting agricultural produce from one part to another, villagers refusing help. Mahatma Gandhi's printing press where his two papers, Young India and Nava Jivan, were printed was confiscated, the papers closed, and the press was offered at auction in Ahmedabad. But as there were no bidders, the machinery was removed to Bombay, at a cost of several hundred rupees for transport alone; yet the Government cannot dispose of it. The Nava-Juga Press where Satyagraha Patrika (Civil Disobedience Bulletin) was printed, was forfeited. The press stopped working July 3 and it cost the Government 2500 rupees for police guards and the like from July 3 to October 7.

The home of Gandhi houses his School of Truth

To curb the movement in rural areas, the authorities are quartering punitive police, and a tax is levied on the population for their maintenance. That means a continuous friction between the people and the police, despite powers of life and death vested in them. Though the special tax is levied theoretically on the whole of the population of a particular area, yet it is actually collected from a handful of persons, it being easier than to recover it from every house in the area. The district magistrate of Katni in Berar issued orders of warrants of attachments for October 3. The subordinate district magistrate hastened the process by a day, i. e., on October 2, which was an annual festival day and meant special harassment to the people. There the additional police force consisted of about eight constables and the cost should not exceed 1200 rupees at the rate of 200 rupees per month. But the district magistrate has ordered 13,750 rupees to be collected from that area.

Cases of force, intimidation, terrorizing, and of shooting unarmed rural persons in order to make them obey whims of petty police authorities, are being reported throughout the country. Often a batch of a hundred or more armed police is sent marching from village to village, pulling down flags from villagers' houses, threatening them with death and loss of property in case of non-payment of taxes, arresting and beating men on the way. As all people cannot be put into jail, men are made to walk miles and then released, all without trial and without warrant.

The question naturally arises (*Continued on page* 416)

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BUY AN APPLE

DRAWING BY WINOLD REISS

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Shall We Stick to the American Dole?

By HELEN HALL

THERE is nothing seasonal in the need for food and shelter. The working-man faces a steady demand for his wages in the face of a fluctuating need for his work. "You just can't do with odd jobs and a family," says Mrs. Raymond to her neighbor. "You've got to have that pay envelope every week, or the children don't eat."

It is obvious that the regularization of industry cannot be carried out by the man whom it most directly affects. We put that up to management. But it seems to be assumed that by some miracle he and his family can underwrite the irregularity of industry.

Our analysis of the 150 case stories which will make up the permanent record of the settlement study of unemployment throws light on how such households try to underwrite it and what it costs them. Here were 150 homes in a prosperous country and in a prosperous epoch—for our findings were gathered in the months that preceded the stock-market crash of 1929. They exhibit the risks which will be encountered by American wage-earners when business gets back to "usual." Here were 150 families dislodged from their means for subsistence for reasons outside of themselves—for they do not include families where strikes, sickness, habits, or other personal causes were dominant. Here were 150 breadwinners eager to shoulder the burden of livelihood if they were given a chance—for after following Jerry on his morning rounds or walking the streets all day with Mr. Zarone; after reading the testimony of Harry Silverman, twelve years in one place, who searches for five months for another, and of Mrs. Raymond who puts pasteboard in her husband's shoes, cotton in his heels, and a brace back of his knee, as an aid in his tramp for work, it is not easy to cherish the idea that in normal times every man who really wants a job can find one.

Let us run over the sequence of makeshifts these families resorted to and ask ourselves whether any or all of them seem satisfactory provisions for safeguarding such homes. Satisfying, that is, to our own sense of responsibility and fair play as well as to theirs.

The control of the business cycle, if we ever achieve it, will help cut down the numbers of breadwinners who seek work and cannot find it. Industrial stabilization will help and so will the long-time planning of public works so that public enterprises may be pushed when private industry falls off. An efficient system of employment services which will shorten the out-of-work period will help in another way. But no one who scans the ups and downs of American business enterprise, our changes in techniques and styles and markets, the shiftings of industry from one region to another, can but see that there will still be need for protection of some sort against unprevented and unpreventable unemployment over which the workers themselves have no control.

WE have been slow to extend to this hazard of broken work the principle we have applied so successfully to industrial accidents by workmen's compensation laws which spread a share of that risk over our costs of production. When unemployment insurance is mentioned in this country there is often the cry, "We don't want the dole here," by people who do not realize that we are relying on makeshifts which are much more demoralizing than any plan of insurance would be. Our settlement study uncovers the economic and physical handicaps with which families confront life when the wage-earner at length finds reemployment—not in all cases, of course, but in such numbers that the trend is unmistakable. They confront it with savings used up, with debts to friends and stores, with homes lost or with furniture and clothing and other equipment for living sadly in arrears; with health depleted and earning power impaired.

No attempt was made to tally up the loss in wages suffered by our 150 families, yet in the course of a single year the total must have run over a hundred thousand dollars; and the butcher, the baker, the business and professional groups in their communities were affected by this drain which undermined the household structure of the families themselves.

Our case stories offer cross-sections of human experience in trying to make good these lost earnings.

Savings

SAVINGS are the first cushion; cash savings first of all. Many of our families had small savings but there is nothing in their experience to show that high wages are general enough or continuous enough for savings to give any general security. The economists tell us that for three quarters of the population of the United States the margin between income and necessary outgo is so close as to allow little or

One after another, the chairman of the Unemployment Committee of the National Federation of Settlements takes up the provisions we now assume will tide people over unemployment, weighs them against the experience of the families studied and, as never before, demolishes our assumptions as to their justice and sufficiency. The settlement findings have been interpreted to the wider public with keenness and charm by Clinch Calkins, formerly of The Survey staff (Some Folks Won't Work. Harcourt, Brace, 1930). The findings were based on 300 schedules turned in from all parts of the country. For those who would make closer acquaintance with these intimate human dramas or turn to original sources for their judgment, 150 of them are to be brought out shortly as Case Studies of Unemployment by the Department of Industrial Research of the University of Pennsylvania, through the university press.

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no leeway for emergencies. In one out of five of our cases it is recorded that the families had used up whatever cash savings they had. When it has taken fifteen years to save $700 as it had the DePesas of Boston, and you wipe it out in one winter of unemployment, you have lost something more than the $700. You do not start again with the same spirit. In one out of ten of the cases—especially those where the work had been seasonal or where there were a larger number of children or there had been previous sickness, the families had not been able to lay by for a "rainy day." Or as one family put it, it "rained too soon."

Those of us who have followed them in their long line of retrenchments, know that not one step is taken without a struggle. After the cash savings are gone, insurance policies lapse. We might well pause at this point, for no family gives up its insurance without a fight. They are small policies, most of them, enough to see them through a decent burial, but they mean something almost symbolic to the poor. The fear of not being able to bury their own dead haunts even the least independent.

"OUT of their own experiences, our settlement neighbors tell us what unemployment does to men, women, and children. But the telling will have been useless if we are not impelled by our sense of justice and the claim of their misery to do something about it. What significance do we find embedded in these cases that suggests lines of action? There are three which seem to lie close in to their common need. However else they differ, these are year-around families who lack year-around incomes. How then can we safeguard them at the points where their livelihood breaks down?

1. We must make work steadier and more secure.
2. We must make reemployment swifter when men and women are laid off.
3. We must insure against want the households of breadwinners who seek work and cannot find it.

(From Miss Hall's introduction to Case Studies of Unemployment. Through the courtesy of the University of Pennsylvania Press, we publish in advance her treatment of the third line of action.)

There are few families whose ideal is not sometime to own their own home. A house is savings if you own it or are buying it bit by bit, on instalments. This instinct for home ownership survives in spite of discouraging fluctuations in real estate values in industrial neighborhoods. Many of our immigrant peoples come from countries where their families have lived for generations on the same little plot of ground. The instinct to own with them is deep-seated. They are willing to put up a fierce struggle to have it satisfied. That struggle must be watched close at hand to understand its full significance. A dozen of our families had engaged in it, only to find the home they had worked for, which had stood for security to them, become a back-breaking load once their earning power was cut. They were in arrears in their payments, behind in their interest on mortgages, and some of them faced foreclosure. The La Forges of Minneapolis had paid $2000 against $3500 on the house they lived in. Their furniture had cost $1100 and was all paid for. When the La Forges came to the attention of the settlement they had lost their house and sold their furniture and the five members of the family were all living in one room. It takes little imagination to guess what had happened to the morale of the family by the time they arrived in that single room.

Furniture is savings: and we find furniture sold or, more often, lost to the instalment collector. That was the way with the Moran's piano in Boston which had almost been paid for. Then their parlor furniture went. The instalment house stripped the rooms of the DeMacios of Pittsburgh and left only mattresses, broken chairs, and a hot plate. It meant more than the actual loss of furniture when the young Greens had saved $1500 over five years to buy their furnishings and were forced to sell them for $200. These material things stand for steps along the line of respectability and progress. They mean not only parlor furniture, but the place you take in your community; your being able to have your friends in; your daughter meeting her boy friend at her own home instead of on the corner.

And some more intimate things that we treasure are savings. Dorothy Doheney in Boston in order to meet her rent, insurance, union dues, and the instalment payments, pawned her wedding ring. The Benders in Cleveland had no furniture they could sell, so it was the mother's engagement ring that was put in hock. The Jameses in Salt Lake City pawned both the mother's wedding ring and the father's watch. The Zapellis pawned their little girl's communion ring to pay for the mother's dental work. She was just thirty, but when they found it would cost more than the ring brought in, she had all her teeth pulled out.

The deeper we got into our case schedules, the more clearly we came to appreciate the slenderness of savings as a buffer to misfortune. Nor can we feel that they are a convincing answer to the need for security against industrial changes.

Borrowings

WHAT is the next line of defense these families fall back upon? They borrow. Families without houses, furniture, or articles which can be sold or pawned, are thrust quickly on the mercy of the landlord and the grocer. To the members of a household who have paid their rent promptly and hold their heads high in the neighborhood, this running into debt is a humiliating business and the daily facing of creditors adds to the strain which is put upon family relationships. Hilda and Herman Richter had been able to save on $18 a week and their upstanding part in the community had been a great source of satisfaction to them. It is especially noted in their case that when Herman's earnings stopped and they got behind, he it was who saw the creditors. But it is the wife generally who faces them or tries to elude them. You come to the front door and find it locked, the curtains are down. No one's at home. But if your rap is known, you may find the mother in the kitchen waiting for a chance to steal out and avoid the collector. One out of five of our families ran up bills for groceries, coal, milk, and other necessities. "I can tell you what unemployment has done for us," said Mr. Conway of Louisville. "It has got us so deeply in debt that we can never pull out."

And whether it is the wage-earner's family that thus eats up his future earnings, or the small shopkeeper who carries them and runs into bankruptcy all the faster if he has a heart, we cannot think it good public policy thus to let things drift from bad to worse.

Charity

SOCIETY does not, of course, leave such families altogether to their own devices. When other resources have been exhausted, and in most instances only then, the family

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asks for charity. Before they were through, a third of our families had done so—but often only after a long struggle. Some few became pauperized but many could never reconcile themselves to accepting help from strangers.

Often even charitable relief is difficult to obtain for a family where there is an able-bodied man. John Schneider of New Orleans wanted to kill himself because he felt that his family would get help if it were not for him. Young Mr. Miller in Pittsburgh refused for a long time to ask for aid because he was a young man, able and willing to work and was ashamed to receive it from any agency. Mrs. Amay says: "We never asked help from no one. We couldn't bear to let no one, even our own people—and they couldn't help us anyway—know of our trouble, but when the children needed food we had to tell someone. The nurse came in and found me crying, so I told her." Mr. Estrada developed a bitter attitude toward life, feeling that a man willing to work should be able to find it. He so resented charity that he refused to eat food that came from sources outside the family connection. Mr. Blanton was keeping a record of the money loaned him by the Welfare Society and hoped some day to repay. He admitted, however, that he was losing self-respect and felt that he would lose his mind unless he could find work.

Social work has made advances in the deftness with which it helps adjust family troubles, but social work can scarcely underwrite the load of unemployment in its great cyclical manifestations. There is not the money to do the job. Emergency funds are makeshifts, and emergency relief crowds out the constructive work of the agencies. But in good times or bad, to the families of the unemployed, relief from such sources comes more often than not as an added misfortune. They lose something, as they see it, when they take help, even if the cause for asking for it lies outside their own control. It means a serious break in family pride and self-confidence, a self-confidence which seldom blossoms again with the same sturdiness. But even if it covered the ground, charitable relief would not be a convincing answer, either, to industrial dislocation in a democracy.

Other Makeshifts

OUR families turn to other makeshifts they have worked out themselves. They move to cheaper quarters, they break up the home, they cut down on conveniences, on clothing, on food. But are these the workings of a providence that fits our modern world? A breadline stands out like a silhouette of misery in our memories. The relief lines that I came upon at the municipal stations in Detroit last winter, and the employment lines at the plants, etched themselves deeply. But there is another, slow-moving procession of which we catch only fragmentary glimpses, but which if it could be run before us like a film would leave us with still less peace of mind. That is the search for cheaper quarters on the part of the families of men out of work. Here, in a very tangible way, they beat a retreat—into fewer and fewer rooms, into apartments with less and less comfort, into basements and into fire traps on which no rent is collected. We find the Mullins moving out to a little unpaved street in Atlanta, the Handels to the lane in the hollow under Meadow Street bridge in Pittsburgh, where the mud was ankle-deep. There is not a squalid street along the water fronts of New Orleans or New York, Boston or Buffalo or Chicago and our other port cities, that has not harbored such families, as they settle to lower levels.

In the course of it all, they sacrifice those conveniences which we associate with the American standard of living. The apartment to which the Mullins moved, for example, had no bath and only an outside toilet. The two-room shack that the Handels found was little better than a woodshed with its lack of heat and light and water. But even if the family stays on in the same house, what we call the necessities of life may drop out. The gas is shut off. Our neighbor, Mrs. White, kept her household sitting in the dark, evenings. "Our gas is a twenty-five-cent meter and we didn't have it unless we had the quarter." Repeatedly we hear of lodgers and boarders being "taken in" and between the lines this may mean overcrowding beyond the limits of decency. As many of our families took in boarders as moved. It was an expedient to stave off moving. A line of escape lies in breaking up the home altogether. Among young couples, the man goes back to his people, the wife to hers, and if there are children, takes them with her. In some instances the children are "put away" in some charitable institution; and in Philadelphia, we have had the anomaly these years that while neither the city nor the private philanthropies have had money enough for families out of work, there were always the orphanages and other children's institutions. We could break up a home but we could not hold it together.

It is hard to think that these disruptions of family life and standards are desirable ways to meet the difficulties such households confront. We can sense the helplessness of individuals who thus try to adjust themselves to the changes of industry, with the grocery bill rolling up, back rent accumulating, the house growing cold in the face of unsteady employment.

Cutting Down on Food

AND as the assault on everyday living presses more and more inexorably, the families dig themselves in deeper. As Mrs. Cardini in New York put it, "You know what we do? If we pay the rent and there isn't enough left, you know what we do. If we're going to live honest, you know what we do." "We eat little—that's what we do," broke in her little girl, thinking her mother had not made herself clear. The Tiorsis of Boston "pulled in their belts." The Giamios of Madison fed their children all the time on potatoes and bread, with beans for meat. The Montery children in New Orleans picked up scraps of meat and vegetables cast aside in the market. One winter the Bertleys, with their four children, managed on less than $5 a week for groceries. This meant that this Atlanta family ate only two meals a day consisting of corn bread, salt meat, and dried beans. When Mrs. Bertley had fainting spells, they finally got her to a doctor who said that she was not getting enough to eat.

But let two of our Philadelphia mothers tell for themselves how they managed.

Mrs. White: "I just saw Harry and Joan starving to death before my eyes. Then the first time I ever got a card with 'malnutrition' written on it from the school was after their father lost his $25 job and took one at $21; and then last winter when he was out both Margaret and Brother got 'malnutrition' written on their cards again. The children seldom get any meat, perhaps on Sunday if I can manage it, and never any desserts."

Mrs. Kirk: "They are so used to going without food that

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they can't eat much when they do get it. They don't say much, but they know when there's nothin'."

Cutting down on food then, is one thing the family does for itself. In every third of our neighborhood cases, the families had done it so radically as to prompt the investigator to remark upon it; in a fourth of them the physiological effects were obvious enough to be noted by a layman. Underweight, stunted growth, anemia, rickets, recur again and again in the entries. There is the sequence of colds, pneumonia, tuberculosis. Repeatedly it is noted that the families go without needed medical treatment, that teeth are neglected and necessary operations postponed. The extreme is reached in babies born only to die because of insufficient food and the exhaustion of the mother.

The unmistakable evidences of malnutrition among these families and the prevalence of sicknesses that have roots in a weakened resistance, would not lead us to think lightly of cutting down on food as something society should encourage as a recourse against unemployment.

The Mother Goes to Work

THERE is still another reserve that the family finds within itself. The mother goes out to work—for she can often get a job when the man can't. Here in order, are the case numbers where this happened: 1, 5, 6, 7, 8, 11, 12, 18, 20, 23, 24, 32, 37, 49, 55, 56, 59, 65, 67, 68, 79, 83, 88, 91, 92, 93, 101, 102, 104, 105, 107, 109, 113, 119, 121, 128, 134, 139, 140, 142, 143, 145, 147. When the bankers and industrialists, the engineers and managers have not in their organization of industry enough work for the men, enter Mrs. Jenkins, Mrs. Levy, Mrs. Carbino, Mrs. Kurfee, and the rest.

When unemployment first comes the husband and wife most often face the situation together. But they fall apart as the wife is harried by debt collectors, the rent man, the insurance man. She sees the children half fed and getting thin, often sick, and needing clothes she can't buy; and, too, she may be working herself and adding fatigue to worry. In the first days of her husband's job hunt she is sympathetic and fights to keep his courage up and defends him in the neighborhood. The poignancy of his struggle has not been lost in her own discouragement. I remember when Mrs. White came round to tell of her husband's first pay envelope after nearly a winter's search. "You know," she said, "the look on his face when he give it to me was like a child with a Christmas present." But that was his first winter out. Now facing the third one the Whites no longer present a united front. She doesn't believe he tries and is bitter against him, and he no longer cares very much, for he has the gang and is "in on the bottle as it is handed around," and only comes home late to sleep. The strain and disappointment vent themselves in sharp words. "There were no ugly words in our house when he was workin', but I'm so tired now I don't know what I'm saying," as Mrs. White puts it. And to come home from anything as disheartening as "makin' the rounds" only to be accused of not really trying doesn't make for harmony. The blame the husband gets sometimes only bespeaks a nervous strain on the part of the wife but often she has read in the papers of prosperous times and that adds to her distrust of her husband's earnestness in his job hunt. "If other men get jobs, as the papers say, why can't he?"

Insanity, suicide, and desertion are some of the more startling consequences of the emotional strain which preys on such families in the wake of discharge. Take the story of Tiorsi, the hand laster of Boston, who had seen his pay envelope flatten from week to week. When finally he brought home only $3 he tried to hang himself. And the cases abound in the results of the double load on the mother's shoulders when she goes out to work to help tide things over. Mrs. Moran was taken ill from lifting too heavy pails of water in her cleaning job. After two months on her back she returned to work. Mrs. Walther who had been doing part-time work undertook a full-time position. She went on twelve-hour night duty at a hospital. In this way she was able to keep her home and take care of her son during the day. Several months of this was followed by a nervous breakdown and months as a patient herself in a hospital. Mrs. Cardini stays up until one, two, or three o'clock every night trying to keep the house clean and the children's clothes fit to wear to school. "Maybe next summer if he gets a job I'll get a chance to rest up," she says. A nearby neighbor of ours in Philadelphia cleaned offices in the daytime and again at night. Her children were asked when she slept. "Oh, she puts her head down on the table after supper," they said, "and sleeps until she goes out at ten."

Those of us who watch the women of our unemployed coming to the rescue in this way, know that in their courage and their devotion these cases are not exceptional. But even if they rise to it, that cannot satisfy those of us who look on.

Scrapping Plans for the Future

STILL less can we be content that in one out of three of such households there are children who can be taken from school and put to work as was done in these families. Surely that is not the recourse we are looking for.

Along with the children's education, go the things that make for interesting and creative living at home. And even when they are kept at school, they cannot pass through all this untouched. The psychologist and psychoanalyst give us some understanding of what a background of strain and bad feeling can do to the growing child. As with adults, children react differently to family tension. In some the spirit isn't strong enough to break through, but the majority of children unconsciously elude as best they can the pressure of trouble in their home. I have in mind a little friend of ours, called Aggie, who took her small person out of it as soon as she waked in the morning, and often she was picked up from neighboring doorsteps at night. She spent every possible moment in our settlement and when in the evenings there were no activities for very little girls she would find some reason to go to the dispensary. It was warm and light and friendly and she would sit waiting her turn. Once when she was told that the dentist couldn't see her, she was not to be put aside. "All right," she said, "I'll stay and see the doctor for me warts."

The parents' failure, which is driven home harder with each unsuccessful day, not only robs the children of a sense of security, but often of one source of leadership. Mrs. White's bitterness toward her husband is aggravated by the fact that she is no longer able to control her ten- and twelve-year-old boys. They have lost all respect for their father so that he can't help her. Then, too, she has had to take her oldest boy out of school.

In considering today's unemployment, it is not often thought of in its relation to the next generation. But as you come to know the families of the unemployed, it sometimes seems that they feel a deeper resentment against their inability to make plans for the future than (*Continued on page* 403)

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What Do You Mean—Civilized?

By JOHN PALMER GAVIT

OUT of the deep woods up around Desolation Sound in British Columbia, from an old friend who whiles away the intervals in his private occupation as a "hand-logger" by writing profound philosophical observations to me, comes about the most cogent comment that I have heard upon the present economic situation. After describing his preparations for the impending winter—"I don't want my vegetables froze"—he goes on to remark:

> Business is at a standstill here, both fishing and logging; but we are hoping for a change. It is a peculiar predicament we have dropped into—everybody calling hard times, and the cause of it is too much of everything except money. If it was a lack of all the necessaries of life we would call it a famine, but what to call it is beyond me. . . . It puts me in mind of a lunch-carrier on a Northern Minnesota log-drive, where I was once. He was sent with a lunch for ten men about two miles down the river, and he followed the wrong trail and got lost. He became excited and traveled in a circle, faster and faster for two days, until we found him completely exhausted and ravenously hungry. And all the time he had still on his back the lunch for ten men, with an axe and matches! Now, that is the way the nations of the world are acting today.

Almost exactly the same thing that Viscount d'Abernon said the other day to the Chamber of Commerce of Liverpool:

> Since the time of Midas there has not been a more paradoxical position than that in which America finds herself—the central reserve vaults are bulging with gold, while in New York and other shipping points warehouses are overcrowded with wheat, with cotton, with copper; all unsalable except below the cost of production. . . .

Or, as Raymond B. Fosdick said just now before the Carnegie Institute of Technology:

> Apparently the problem of the machine age is not so much a problem of producing goods as it is of producing buyers. . . . Our cotton is rolling up in our ports like gigantic snowdrifts, and the price has fallen to an abysmal depth. In copper, steel, motors, merchandising and a dozen other industries, the story is the same—a drying up of the stream of consumption. . . . The unemployed are waiting for the flow of wages so that they can buy the things they need. . . . We have manoeuvered ourselves into a vast stalemate. . . .

AN insatiable lust for brass tacks has impelled me to waste considerable time, listening with my tongue hanging out, to the supposed producers of such—experts, philosophizers, pundits all and sundry affecting to understand these matters. And always I have "come out at the same door where in I went," reminded of the experience of the mother who sought remedy for her little boy's unholy appetite for soap—*eating* it. The doctor beamed with condescending sapience; 'twas, forsooth, a very simple matter:

"Your child has *Saponimania.*"

"Oh, Doctor!" the mother gasped. "How terrible—what does it mean?"

"It means, my dear madam, an irrepressible desire to eat soap!"

When it came down to what to do about it, all she could get was a fancy Latin name for what she knew already. The doctor didn't know.

So, up to now, out of the welter of ponderous words about over-production, under-consumption, hoarding and export of gold, scarcity of currency, war debts and reparations, preparations for "the next war," international fear, terror of communism, economic nationalism, tariffs, etc., etc., etc., one cannot escape the net impression that those who might be supposed to know are not so very much better off than the rest of us; anyway that whatever the causes and possible cures, the world's remedial intelligence has achieved thus far very inadequate coördination. Practically, it would appear that we are hungry because there is too much food; having made too many shoes and automobiles we trudge the streets with our toes sticking out; we sleep in the parks and police-stations because of over-construction of buildings; we are cold because we have overdone the cotton and textiles and dug too much coal. Doesn't it sound like a nightmare in Bedlam?

By way of confession and avoidance, the financiers, economists and business managers—many of whom so little a while ago were assuring us of "a new and permanent level of values"—find comfort in the protestation that the condition is world-wide, due to causes beyond the control of any one nation. True enough—although beyond a doubt the ignorant and reckless selfishness of our own tariff-makers has recently added incalculably to the confusion—but the excuse is a poor shelter. The truth is that as a whole group they do not know; hardly any two of them, with all sincerity, will tell you the same thing.

> Who shall decide when doctors disagree,
> And soundest casuists doubt like you and me?

And if you let the politicians and the soldiers into the discussion . . . good night!

IN the Liverpool address, already mentioned, Viscount d'Abernon put his finger on the spot:

> I am inclined to be skeptical about "overproduction" when applied to staple trades and the larger requirements of mankind. The more plenteous the bounty of Providence, the better for mankind *if mankind is intelligent enough to deal with the situation, to handle the goods efficiently.* That appears self-evident. When on the one side you have a vast volume of production and on the other side you have millions of men insufficiently supplied with the requirements of life, such as food and clothing, the obvious conclusion is that failure proceeds from inadequate facilities of circulation and exchange rather than from excessive ability to produce.

I remember vividly, in a time like this, during one frightfully cold winter in Chicago, when we were frantically gathering material to feed, clothe, and warm the freezing unemployed and their dependents, having in my nose for weeks—I can smell it yet—the stench of smouldering grain, tons upon tons of it, in the ruins of a burned elevator . . . located in the very midst of a dense population starving for the lack of it. Right now, the granaries of the West are clogged with grain, which our helter-skelter, unintelligent "system"—save the mark!—of cultivation and distribution cannot get to those who starve for want of bread and the chance to earn it.

EVERYTHING depends upon what you mean by "civilization." If what we see now is the best it can achieve, it is a sad disease, justifying Edward Carpenter's title, Civilization; Its Cause and Cure; 'twere well, as Huxley said, were a comet to knock this dismal thing called earth back into raw

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material. Civilization, in its better sense, cannot consist in the elaboration of vocabularies and outward manners; in dolling up essential savages with plug hats and spats; neither yet in the multiplication of *things*—luxurious trinkets and contrivances however marvelous. A man or a nation veneered with all these externals may still be barbaric—albeit immensely more dangerous. The highways are perilous with such: persons able to own and operate powerful automobiles, but whose actual intelligence and sense of responsibility are those of a six-year-old child. Nay, and much worse, such as these, singly or in groups or masses, can actuate governments and command armies and navies. Knowledge, authority, material wealth and control over highly efficient machinery only multiply the mischief-power of malevolence—or of ignorance, which amounts to the same thing.

Civilization, whether of an individual, a nation, or humanity as a whole, if it means anything desirable, implies *sanity;* possession of that Wisdom which enlightens and fructifies mere knowledge; that deeper intelligence which in the light of due appraisal of values and far-seeing purposes commands not only environment and possessions but self as well, and uses them all both in and for considerate and mutually beneficent relationships with neighbors near and far. None is in any real sense civilized who imagines that he can really rise by pushing others down. Remember that grim converse in Olive Schreiner's dream:

> "What are they doing?" I said to God.
> God said, "Making pitfalls into which their fellows may sink."
> "Why do they do it?"
> "Because each thinks that when his brother falls he will rise."
> "How will he rise?"
> God said, "He will not rise."
> "Are these men sane?"
> God said, "They are not sane. . . . There is no sane man in Hell."

To be specific, it is dull anthropoid stupidity, asininity, to suppose that anything we can do, by tariffs or otherwise, to lower or keep low the standard of living anywhere in the world—however much we may imagine it to maintain or raise our own—can possibly be to our lasting advantage. Regardless of any dispute about its effect upon our own prices and purchasing-power, what can it accomplish in the long run except to circumscribe the market for our own surplus? Every man, woman and child between the two poles is potentially a customer for our products; or anyway those of someone with the wit to recognize and cultivate the opportunity.

Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, former head of the Reichsbank and one of the inventors of the Reichsmark, that device of financial magic by which Germany, capitalizing her own confidence in herself and her own resources, lifted herself by her bootstraps out of the quagmire of post-war inflation; just as he was sailing for home presented before the Economic Club of New York a sorry picture of the so-called "civilized" world. Among other things he pointed out that of the total population of something like two billions the manufacturing nations comprise less than 350 millions—leaving a potential market for "civilized" products of at least a billion and a half. Quizzical and not altogether fantastic was his parting shot:

"Over-production? There can be no such word until—until every black family in Africa has a radio!"

WHAT is the "civilized" world doing about it? Up to now, so far as concerns any definite consciousness or program, the nations live, and mean to live, largely by picking each other's pockets, and when this fails, sniveling on their own doorsteps, starving amid plenty; meanwhile making nasty faces back and forth and doing everything they can to sabotage mutual faith, obligations, and good-will by misbegotten devices benefitting nobody, least of all the begetters. Thus far, the obvious technique, of studying out the problem on its merits and acting upon a clear solution, has been evoked only by common fear. We do exercise that technique in fighting fire and plague and disaster and—each other. Application of the world's best intelligence to the less dramatic but not less vital relationships is not civilization so much as an obvious but indispensable preliminary to civilization. "It should not be difficult to devise measures that would bring relief," said Lord d'Abernon in that Liverpool speech. "Fearless diagnosis is the first step." As James Harvey Robinson says in his brilliant article on civilization in the Encyclopedia Britannica:

> . . . It has always been a tragic trait of civilization that the obvious has been difficult to perceive, for it is too familiar to catch our attention. It requires a peculiar penetration to discover what in all discussions we are unconsciously taking for granted.

We take civilization for granted. It is very difficult to find any satisfactory definition of it. I suspect the reason to be that as yet "there ain't no such animal."

THE most intelligent, civilized thing that mankind thus far has done for itself is the organization of the League of of Nations. If it were to fail there certainly *would* be another war, and afterward we should have to build it over again—better, and stronger. Never mind that in our own arrogance and stupidity, misguided by addle-pated politicians and others with motives of their own, we of the "civilized" United States have until very lately done everything in our power to discourage it. Despite the best efforts of our Old Silurians "trumpeting in the rear," inch by inch we are edging up; things are a bit better in that respect; though time presses and we are not helping much to assuage those economic conflicts and divergences which the Belgian premier, M. Theunis, as president of the World Economic Conference of 1927, called "the most serious and the most permanent of all the dangers threatening the peace of the world." The League of Nations has devoted enormous labor to its general review of the economic position; there is now on hand in Geneva more than sufficient accurate data for both diagnosis and prescription. But a stream can rise no higher than its source, and every world conference about economics or anything else, is hamstrung beforehand because inevitably made up of the same kind of folk—largely of the very individuals, as are responsible for existing conditions. Each government ordinarily sends representatives determined if not instructed to defend its own policies, present or contemplated. Were any considerable proportion of mankind really civilized, its superior intelligence would cut through the tangle now throttling the life-blood of the world. Meanwhile, as Sir Arthur Salter, late head of the Economic Section of the League, said last winter, "it is amazing that international trade goes on at all."

ON the surface, one might say that the Round Table Conference in London, embodied the sane, civilized way to solve the problem of Great Britain's relationship with India, its greatest dependency. Face-to-face conference. But upon inspection it appears that the delegations on both sides were hand-picked; the dice loaded before the throw. The people who are crying for independence in India are for all practical purposes not represented at all; those entitled to represent them are mostly in jail—in India. At that, there has been far more disclosure of united Indian sentiment, right there in the conference, than anybody would have expected.

But even were the conference to agree upon any real measure of freedom for the people of India, Great Britain would not, could not, put it through; because her own inertia on the subject of India amounts to stupefaction. It looks as if India, so far as continued British control is concerned, must go the way of Ireland and the American colonies. (*Continued on page* 398)

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Letters & Life

In which books, plays, and people are discussed

Edited by LEON WHIPPLE

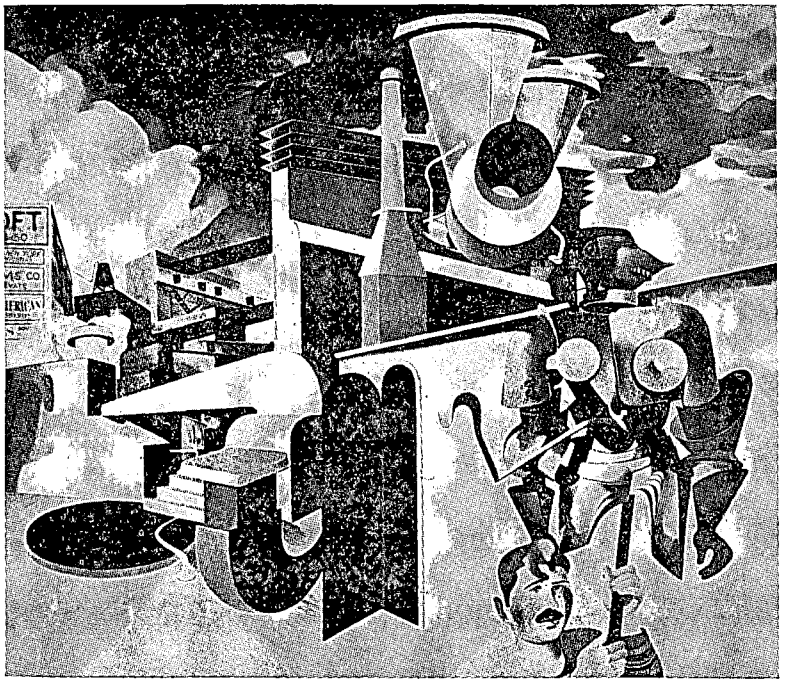
In Search of a Revolution

THE DILEMMA OF THE LIBERATED, *by Gorham Munson. Coward McCann. 304 pp. Price $3.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*
REVOLT IN THE ARTS, *by Oliver M. Sayler. Brentano's. 336 pp. Price $3.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*
UPSTAGE, *by John Mason Brown. Norton. 276 pp. Price $3.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*
THE MEANING OF ART, *by A. Phillip McMahon. Norton. 306 pp. Price $3.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*
THE BEGINNINGS OF CRITICAL REALISM IN AMERICA, *by Vernon Louis Parrington. Harcourt, Brace. 420 pp. Price $4.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

I PREFER less talk about art: more art. There is never very much, so we need not get impatient. It takes the dead hopes and young folly of many men to mulch the soil for one artist. We were rich in talents for about ten years: there were fire, courage, novelty. Now creation hangs on a dead-center: the impetus flagged about 1925. Joseph Wood Krutch penned an epitaph in The Modern Temper when he declared both love and faith were dead in his world. You cannot have much art without love and faith. The new cycle began almost at once, its first stirrings registered in Walter Lippman's A Preface to Morals with his high religion and his duty and beauty of marriage. That was a prelude to the Humanist revival for, of course, the Humanists had been preaching moral standards all the while. We retreated aghast from nihilism and found comforters in Humanism, for however disappointing the human race, it happens to be the only race we have. Youth cannot tune hot blood to pessimism and that explains why all round today young men are rallying to the new revolt, willing to embrace standards, decorum, the golden mean. They pointedly refuse to be handed a diseased race on a dying planet. They are going to build some new altars. We always do.

That stirring is the principal thing at present, though it has produced no sign of art. It will: the froth of disputation is crested off a deep wave. But after thirty years of revolt against convention, it is hard to recognize the revolt against unconvention: irreligion hates to give religion its hour of swing. The best proof that we have a revolt is the die-hard spirit of the one-time radicals. They are grandly Tory with the Tory's bad manners and faith in the dead hand. They see in Humanism only the loss of the victory they won for freedom, realism, experiment, and social criticism. The value of Gorham Munson's effort to state what the young men hope Humanism means (and they do hope) is that he confronts our dangerous dilemma: how can we be humane and decorous and not lose our hard-won freedom from narrow religious coercions and social blinders? The old rebels won freedom to the verge of the clinical: the new want to use this freedom. They seek the good life, not a return to the past, asceticism, and bleak moral codes. They want a way of life between icy, hopeless naturalism and a mysticism that sacrifices man to God. Munson makes a brash effort to link Humanism with education, economics, and politics. That will take time, but youth has time. Here is an intelligent essay on Humanism for the plain reader: its power is in the fact it mirrors some of your own longings in a day of chaos.

THE revolt that Oliver Sayler talks about, esthetic, economic, moral, in all the arts, is the tail of the old revolt that won the right to experiment with matter or manner, and damn the censor. But of creation from a new mood or impetus, he gives little evidence. This revolt is living off the fat stored in 1910-1925. He adds a scrapbook of notes on their various arts by a chorus as oddly varied as David Belasco, Lillian Gish, Jesse Lasky, William Lyon Phelps, John Sloan, and Frank Lloyd Wright—thirty-five in all. But these liberty-caps all seem revolting in different directions or shooting each other in the back. The net impression is eccentricity, restlessness, and discontent. They need the standards Humanism demands, but they have too much ego in their cosmos. The real battle Mr. Sayler ably reports is that between "hand-made" (personal) and "machine-made" (mass) art. The fight is desperate between the theater, music, dance, hand crafts and r a d i o, c i n e m a, "canned" music, and machine styles. Personal art has its back to the wall: its technique is being tampered with, its audience stolen, its creators side-tracked. But that is not a revolt of art: that is the dictatorship of the proletariat, providing circuses, cheap and moral. What can succor hand-made art? Our author answers: "Intimate art may survive alongside mass-production art, deriving support from the latter in return for serving as its laboratory,



Parade—1930, by Peter Blume. From a Private Collection. In Modern American Painters, by Samuel M. Kootz. Brewer and Warren, Inc. $5

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testing ground, and inspiration." The cinema will support the theater, the best seller endow the scholar's tome, commercial music foster chamber-music. I am too old for fairy godmothers. The advertisers have, in fact, sterilized periodical literature; the realtors have almost ruined the theater; the authors who went '49-ing to Hollywood return full of anathema. Art will have to battle alone—as always. Mr. Sayler is full of interesting matter, but he ought to find out what art and revolt really mean.

It is silly introspection to plot the art curve one year at a time. But John Mason Brown's survey of the contemporary theater at least reveals we have only the dregs of revolt. It is an essay in defeatism. Of his six chosen playwrights, O'Neill alone is remarkable. The plays are fairy-tales dressed out with realism of detail. The actors are "types" hired like maids from casting agencies where card indexes provide amazing adaptations. They are not trained, but play themselves. The scenic artists who, inspired by the New Movement for a synthesis of all arts in drama, threatened to swamp play and actor with décor, have made their compromise with realism. They did fine things and left an enduring mark, but great drama does not after all depend on facility with electric lights. The theaters (save the cinema palaces of escape) are too ornate in old-fashioned red and gold, or drab and empty of carnival spirit. I add amen: going to the theater in New York is an experience in disillusion: they are ugly, noisy, uncomfortable barns. Mr. Brown, a critic himself, comes out, perhaps quite unconsciously on the side of the Humanists. "The critic may well wonder why he should bother to have an opinion at all." Give us standards, O Muses! For the audience ditto: "We have reduced appreciation from an experience to a rumor. We have brought no comparative judgments to a play. We are fickle and unthinking." We are not even entertained, but suffer a kind of mass narcosis, comforted by our own gregariousness. Actor, playwright, audience, critic—all without standards. That cannot be our revolution: you have to revolt against *something*.

WHERE shall we get standards? From classics, tradition, critics, esthetic theory? Well, artists get nothing from talk. They marry their souls to their society, for better or worse, and tell what they learn. Books do not make artists, but they help make audiences. So Mr. McMahon's The Meaning of Art will be a useful book—if the right people read the same! For here is a very clear, modern, and reasonable epitome of what men have thought art to be. The pages do not glitter with novelty, but the nubs of the ancient questions are here. Is art moral? Is art play? Is art pleasure? Imitation? Beauty? Is communication, illusion, technique the secret of art? The quest for criteria is judicial and refreshing: traversing the quarrels at least clears the head. The author's own answer, I think, is once more Humanist: "Beauty should be an ultimate idea, and that one which persists together with the good and the true .... We are strangely organized to be capable of seeing beauty, and our knowledge is obtained chiefly through art." He quotes Plotinus: "Things are beautiful because they share in an idea, an eternal form. . . ." That is the standard of all standards.

Sinclair Lewis, author of Main Street, Babbitt, Arrowsmith and many other satires of the American scene (Harcourt, Brace), and the first American to receive the Nobel Prize for Literature, with his young son Michael

Now let's look at the real revolution, that described in Vernon Parrington's posthumous volume, The Rise of Critical Realism in America. He gave us two rich volumes on Main Currents in American Thought and it is a tragedy to criticism that his untimely death left the modern era partly surveyed. However, the thesis is clear, and even fragments of Parrington are more illuminating than tomes of fly-by-night commentators. The culture curve he plots is long enough to have meaning, from 1860 to 1920. We see that the guerilla fighting noted above is but the close of the real revolt against that arid material era from 1860 to 1900, called by Mark Twain, The Gilded Age, and by this gay critic, The Great Barbecue. He traces the bleak years from the passing of the New England Enlightenment through the coming of industrialism and muck-raking to the dawn of revolt in Boyesen, Crane, Norris. Those years were deaf to Whitman, drained the courage of Henry Adams, handcuffed Mark Twain to the frontier jest, sent Whistler, Henry James *et al.* scuttling to Europe. Now to break the crust of that utilitarian and pioneering age took desperate courage and drove men to far ends. The charge against the censor, against ugliness, sentimentality, provincialism, and esthetic ignorance had to be so powerful that it still roars on after the day is won. Dreiser still slogs for chemical determinism; Upton Sinclair still slays his daily dragon; Cabell only today takes his thumb from his nose. They were indeed heroes, and their disciples declare this holy ground shall not go back to barbarism. I suppose there are dangers—the masses have only been shoved off the street and into the cinema; but the chief danger would seem to be *not* to use the freedom we have, to do something beautiful and free. The Russian Revolution has fathered the Five-Year Plan. The Humanists need a Twenty-Year Plan.

Parrington in these three volumes offers the largest view of American culture we possess. His criticism is informed and in perspective. He is no respecter of persons, old or new. The view he urges is perhaps too predominantly economic; he was alien in thought to our modern psychology of individuals. But he had scope—and we need scope! "Our intellectual history had three broad phases: Calvinistic pessimism, romantic optimism, mechanistic pessimism." You can fill in the fourth swing to suit yourself. The choice seems—proletarian romanticism or liberal humanism. Posterity will affix the label. We need to produce the art.

LEON WHIPPLE

Louis Post on Henry George

THE PROPHET OF SAN FRANCISCO, *by Louis F. Post, with introduction by Edward N. Vallandigham. Vanguard Press. 352 pp. Price $3 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

NO time could be more opportune for the appearance of Louis F. Post's memories of Henry George than now when another of our recurring "depressions" forces people to inquire why prosperity must always be penalized by idleness, hunger, and want, only to receive from their orthodox mentors the reply, "God knows."

For while Mr. Post did not write this book in his twilight years for the purpose of answering that economic riddle, the answer is here nevertheless, incidental to his main purpose of

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passing on to others his reminiscences of one of the greatest geniuses of modern times—in whom brain, heart, vision, and passion for service were combined in such balanced proportions as to make him a true prophet. Time has given its ironic comment, and our author is justified in boldly adopting as the title of his work the Duke of Argyle's sneer at Henry George as "the prophet of San Francisco."

To read this book is not to strain through heavy analyses but to be entertained by the author and editor of The Public at his fireside, with Mrs. Post sitting by, adding from time to time her own vivid memories and penetrating comment. As that sort of conversation is always interesting and valuable, so is this book. For whether you are a young man or woman in search of yourself and your work in the world, or a baffled spirit seeking verities to which your life may anchor, or a reformer puzzling over ways and means to serve your cause, or an inquirer wondering why civilizations die, or a business man asking the root cause of panics, there is something here for you; something that rings sincere, respects your intelligence, and challenges to new intellectual and spiritual adventures.

George and Post alike, to recall Emerson's admonition, were "not hindered by the name of goodness but explored if it be goodness." They are vital because they thought in terms of reality and not of accepted theory, and wrote from life, not books.

For the last fifteen years of Henry George's life, Mr. Post, as an active New York journalist, was his intimate friend, counselor, and co-worker. Part I of the book deals with this period. George had written Progress and Poverty in San Francisco in 1879, moved to New York, and in 1886 accepted the demand of a newly organized Labor Party to run as its candidate for mayor of New York with Theodore Roosevelt as one opposing candidate and Samuel Gompers a stump speaker for George. From then until his death in 1897, George lectured in England, Ireland, and his home country, wrote his other books, founded and edited The Standard (a single tax weekly), and took part in many other efforts to advance fundamental democracy. For instance, he started in the United States the movement for the Australian ballot used by the reader—perhaps—at the last election.

Writing neither a biography nor a treatise on his leader's philosophy, Mr. Post's pages have the charm of answering just those queries one naturally puts in private conversation to an old-time intimate of a famous man. What stimulated his thinking? His writing methods? His love and his family life? His reactions to success and failure? His faith? His hobbies and foibles? His friendships and aversions? He tells you of the flash of insight which deduced the law of social progress from the remark of a teamster; of the literary genius that put into a book title—Progress and Poverty—a challenge that shook the thinking world, and still challenges it.

Out of all this comes the portrait of a robust, fascinating personality. A man, for example, who could remain unperturbed at personal affronts but capable of monumental anger which could cause him to swear "with more religious fervor than some pious people put into their prayers" over exhibitions of social injustice; a man who smoked, drank whiskey when he needed it, and served mankind.

In succeeding parts and chapters is recounted the progress of the Single Tax movement not only in its organized expression but in giving inspiration to the lives of such leaders as Tom L. Johnson in the field of civic advance, Herbert Quick in literature, General Gorgas in scientific sanitation, and many others.

Interesting are the reminiscences of how Henry George came to write his epochal books, and comment which reveals their message to mankind. That message is: Strike down ancient, artificial privileges which bar men from land and natural resources that they must have to live; give to each worker what he creates, to society a fee—a tax—for the use of resources he utilizes, in exact proportion to their social value; that natural monopolies should be socially owned and operated. This is the natural law; it spells freedom and justice.

There is a remarkable introduction by the late Edward N. Vallandigham, himself a friend and co-worker of both the author and Henry George.

JUDSON KING
Washington, D. C.

Miss Addams' Second Twenty Years

The Second Twenty Years at Hull-House, September 1909 to September 1929, has for its subtitle, With a Record of Growing World Consciousness, and further, With Autobiographical Notes and Reflections. It is a rich feast for any reader and should have a great sale as a Christmas book. The printed volume contains more than twice the matter which ran serially in Survey Graphic in 1929 and 1930, where it aroused widespread attention. Four out of five of the Graphic articles were chosen by the Council of Librarians of the Franklin Square Subscription Agency as among the ten outstanding articles of the month of publication. The chapter headings are by Hull-House artists, the one above, Chicago Old and New, by Morris Topchevsky. (Macmillan Company. 413 pages. Price $4.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.)

Blights At the Pithead

THE BACK-TO-BACKS, *by J. C. Grant. Cape & Smith. 303 pp. Price $2.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

THE story of The Back-to-Backs depicts with vividness and power the evils which grew out of modern industrialism. The north-of-England mine village of Hagger is a scene of grime, ugliness, and filth. The pithead and the mountainous burning slag pile or "heaps" dominate and tarnish the countryside. The pit maims and destroys without end.

In this one-street village, with its back-to-back houses or hovels, lives the pitman, Geordie, and his wife, Jane, with their two sons and an adopted daughter, Ailie, the child of Geordie's mate, who was killed by his side (*Continued on page* 398)

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(*Continued from page* 397) in the pit. In this home we find confusion and the wife's never-ending toil, the result of the three-shift system. The lack of proper facilities for cleanliness and privacy is presented in all its disgusting nakedness. The horror and vileness are terrifying. True there are moments of kindness and self-sacrifice. Ailie brings some beauty and tenderness into the scene. She alone carries light to dispel some of the murk and gloom.

In his effort to bring out to the full the terrible lot of the mine folk of Hagger, the author's picture of the widespread sexual depravity has been overdone. He portrays religion as being empty as a drum. Actually the miners feel otherwise.

The influence of Zola's Germinal is undoubtedly seen in The Back-to-Backs, although the English story has a tang and directness of its own that holds the reader's attention to the last line. But apparently the author has not taken into consideration the changes that have taken place in the fifty years that have elapsed since the time of Germinal. The Back-to-Backs cannot be said to be an altogether accurate picture of a pitman's life of today. The consumers' cooperative movement has affected the village life in an intimate way. The miners' union improved conditions and built up self-respect, and, with the Labor Party, gives them something more than a parish viewpoint. The absence of these factors is understandable in the French book. In a book written about later-day English miners, it renders the picture somewhat incomplete. This is to be regretted when it is so apparent that the author has the talent to do a complete job.

Indianapolis, Ind. JOHN BROPHY

Looms of Fate

STRIKE, *by Mary Heaton Vorse. Liveright. 376 pp. Price* $2.50 *postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

MRS. VORSE is here telling in a mildly novelized way the story of the Southern textile strikes of 1929. As a novel the volume leaves something to be desired. But as a burning, moving record of a disgraceful industrial tragedy this is a tract of power and compelling force. Its disclosures are poignant; its spirit deeply human. The shame recorded cries aloud for correction. With that, however, Mrs. Vorse is not here concerned. And the whole weight of the story is on sordid facts—the seamy aspect of the South's textile will to power. Conceivably some may be moved by the narrative to action that will help the future make amends for the past. But the drawback is that those who might act importantly will probably never see the volume. And if they did its emotional force is likely to be lost unless they are already informed about the complexities of the entire textile dilemma. For the situation is more subtle, more confusedly motivated than this story suggests; and the way out is a whole other story in itself—and hardly subject for a novel.

New York City ORDWAY TEAD

People as They Are

MISS MOLE, *by E. H. Young. Harcourt, Brace. 293 pp. Price* $2.00 *post paid of Survey Graphic*

EVERY now and again there comes a novel that is so completely satisfying that one feels an impulse to go out and broadcast the good news to the world. Miss Mole is that sort of a novel. Quiet, unpretentious, substantial, shot through with wit and humor and illumined with unsentimental enjoyment of humankind, it gives one whole the life of a provincial English town through the eyes of the rector's housekeeper. Miss Hannah Mole was poor and unbeautiful; her hateful lot was to be useful under the roofs of substantial people who considered that they were appreciating her sufficiently when they did not find fault. Yet she never lost her sense of fun in living, her courage in going more than half-way to meet adventure, or her conviction of her dignity and independence as a human being. Only toward the end of the book does the author disclose the unexpected, though characteristic, chapter in the life of Miss Mole that had expressed her qualities that kept her whole. Those who remember back five years to William, E. H. Young's last book, will need no urging to read this successor. For those who missed William, there is a pleasant surprise in this new story, obviously the result of long and loving work, mellowed by an enjoyment of people as they are.

MARY ROSS

WHAT DO YOU MEAN—CIVILIZED?

(*Continued from page* 394)

As for the conventional promise that India may be given a measure of autonomy some day, "when the people are fit for it,". . . Well, in 1769 a pamphlet probably written by Grenville, the British prime minister (though attributed to his subordinate, William Knox), denounced the American colonists as "deluded knaves or fools;" in that same year George Canning, father of the later premier who concurred in the Monroe Doctrine, scoffed at the idea that the Americans had any rights whatever; but Sir John Dalrymple, in 1775 on the eve of the Declaration of Independence, was willing to concede the possibility of home rule and self-taxation—"when the colonies should have shown themselves capable of self-government."

THIS, however, is not the point just now. For upward of a century India has been one of Great Britain's principal meal-tickets, market for her exports. Something has frozen it against her. Look at what has happened to Great Britain's percentage of the world export trade as quoted in The London Economist from League of Nations figures:

1913	1924	1925	1927	1928
13.94	13.01	12.16	11.36	11.20

And still dropping. It is quite superfluous for Englishmen to protest that they have no malice against the people of India—why should they? As well might a man disclaim malice against his right leg. The thing is the other way about. The question is, to whose folly is it due that Great Britain's greatest single body of customers has come to entertain malice against herself? Not alone the present-day British; their behavior has been considerably better than that of their forebears. But it hasn't improved fast enough to outstrip the retribution. And underlying all is the fact that the British have ignored until too late the axiom that "the best advertisement is a *satisfied* customer;" the fact that the corner-stone of prosperity is *good-will*. And that applies as well to a nation or to the world as a whole as to a peanut-stand. Great Britain has been very, very clumsy in her dealings with India; just as she was with that vast treasure-house, once her fabulous opportunity for good-will, but now known as the United States of America. It is a way with these things: like chickens, they come home to roost.

It may well be, as Wellington is supposed to have said, that on the playing-fields of Eton and Harrow Englishmen learn to win battles; but they do not learn there how to win and keep the affection of their subject peoples—the customers indispensable to their prosperity. I personally suspect that precisely what is taught—together with the way and atmosphere of the teaching—at those famous schools and their like, and at Cambridge and Oxford too, is largely responsible for the supercilious attitude of Englishmen toward other folk, as well as for their stolid resistance to anything "new." Characteristic are the mingled hooting and haughty scorn greeting Sir Oswald Mosley's proposal of an economic super-committee. I venture no opinion as to the merits of this particular suggestion or the capacity of its maker; but I catch a dominant note in the chorus—forsooth, he's young, and "radical." There's the chief rub: the war butchered the best of Great Britain's youth, who otherwise would now be ruling, and might even be finding a way out of the Slough of Despond.

"What cities, as great as this," Goldsmith asked, "have promised themselves immortality!"

By no means Great Britain alone. . . . There is no problem of human interchange or relationship, including that of the mess in which just now the whole world flounders, that could not; or, I dare to say that will not, be solved by the exercise on a large scale of that same ordinary common-sense, mutual patience and good will with which on a small, men are learning to operate, and *co*-operate. But there must be enlisted on all hands the wisdom and the courage to sacrifice, to write off the uncollectible, to scrap the outworn and superannuated in method, material and personnel; to reorganize. Otherwise—the goblins *will* git us! This is the real test of "civilization." Must we wait for world starvation to compel us to use the world's brains?

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OSBORNE UNDER FIRE

(*Continued from page* 381)

demand for punishment lists was not made till September. The superintendent, however, had other purposes: "I am advising the district attorney of . . . such . . . felonies as I have record . . . so that these cases may be presented to the grand jury."

In other words, Mr. Riley was going over the Warden's head and inviting the district attorney of the county in which the prison was located, to help Osborne run Sing Sing. That had never been done before and as a matter of policy it should never have been done. True enough, there are certain crimes that if committed within the prison become subject to action by the courts, notably cases of escape and of deadly assault. But the Warden is the best judge of the cases that ought to be prosecuted. There had been one attack upon a foreman by a Negro prisoner, but when it was shown that he had been in an insane asylum twice and the prison doctor found him deranged, he was transferred to an asylum. It was this and similar cases that the Superintendent was placing before the court. This, however, was only a beginning. Other and less creditable measures were in preparation and the attention of the district attorney was called to Sing Sing so as to prepare for an investigation, not of this case but of other cases—of immorality within the prison.

Every prison, as we have already seen, has its problems of perversion. No penal institution is free from this phenomenon. Testifying before the grand jury, Warden Ratigan of Auburn Prison said, in answer to a question whether immorality existed in his prison, "Yes, and every other prison." In its indictment of Warden Kennedy of Sing Sing a year before Osborne became warden, the Grand Jury said: "Immoral practices obtain among many of the inmates; acts of sexual perversion are taken for granted." The practice ordinarily in prison is to overlook these facts. If punished at all they are administrative matters. In Sing Sing, when such things came to light, they were handled by the inmate courts.

Now it so happened that about this time a pervert was brought before the inmate court and later made a confession involving a number of men. There was no proof of the fact except the pervert's word, and he may well have lied. When confronted with the man's charge, all of the inmates involved denied his accusation. But under pressure and fear of transfer to Clinton Prison they confessed—one prisoner confessing whose guilt was denied by the pervert who made the original charge. As there was no evidence other than the word of the pervert, and as the confessions were in confidence to the Warden, the men begged not to be put on trial before the court because of the ridicule and shame involved. Osborne had them deprived of their League privileges and gave them appropriate punishment.

IT was a rumor of these facts that reached the superintendent's office and it now had Osborne in a place where it could make serious trouble. If it secured an indictment of these men for the crime supposed to have been committed in prison, then Osborne would be required to break his word and testify against them in court and thus lose his moral hold upon the prisoners. Osborne's enemies knew that he would defend to the last his right to a special confidence just as the doctor, the lawyer, and the priest does as a matter of course. But if he refused to testify, Osborne could be accused of obstructing justice, of condoning a crime.

The plan was simple and ingenious. If they could indict these men—and there were twenty-one of them—then they could offer them immunity in return for an accusation against the Warden. But to get him they had to have some facts to go on other than rumor. So it was decided to have an investigation—an investigation of these cases and of Osborne's part in the handling of them. In other words, a persistent and widely known phenomenon of human perversity, known to exist in all penal institutions and known to have existed in the past, was to be taken advantage of, distorted, magnified, given publicity, and a show made of it.

The only question now was how Osborne could be maneuvered into a position where he would have to make the choice—testify against the men in court and thus lose his moral hold upon the prisoners, or refuse to do so and lay himself open to the charge of condoning a felony. The method chosen was an investigation by the New York State Commission of Prisons. It had recently made an investigation of Sing Sing and written a most enthusiastic report of its findings.

One of the few guards whom Osborne had found it necessary to dismiss from Sing Sing appeared at a meeting of the Commission and told wild stories about "the goings on" in Sing Sing, including one of his having seen the Warden serving punch to some fifty or sixty convicts in the warden's house. (In all the time of his wardenship, Osborne neither kept nor permitted to be kept any intoxicating beverage at the warden's residence.) This preposterous and obviously biased story by a discharged employe was made the occasion for a demand of an investigation by Dr. Diedling, one of the members of the Commission who had signed the report of the investigation. After a heated discussion, the Commission refused to authorize such an investigation. In the law creating the Commission it had been given the right to delegate powers of investigation to any one of its members but no individual member had such power without previous authorization by the Commission. But that did not stop Dr. Diedling. As he himself testified before the grand jury, "Osborne didn't know what I was after. They didn't any of them." Dr. Diedling hailed from the little town of Saugerties. Many years before he had been prison physician at Elmira Reformatory and had gathered a strong bias against reforming criminals.

IN his statement at the Osborne trial, Dr. Diedling testified that he had made the investigation for the purpose of ascertaining "the general management of the industries; the discipline of the prison; the efficiency of the officers; and information as to the immorality of the prison." But that was obviously inaccurate. He examined the superintendent of industries and three of nine foremen of the shops, and all of their information covers only 14 out of 304 typewritten sheets of testimony. In the matter of discipline he interrogated the Warden and his assistant but did not ask about discipline. He did not interview the principal keeper, or the captain of the guard, or any of the hundred guards, with one exception. In the matter of efficiency of the officers, not a single question was asked. In the case of immorality, he questioned the Warden and the doctor, but neither the principal keeper nor any of the guards, and only 9 out of 1618 prisoners, and these 9 were either known to be hostile or had gotten into trouble.

The real purpose of the investigation was to get Osborne either to admit or deny that he had knowledge of the "immorality" cases and thus force him on to one of the horns of the dilemma. Osborne refused to be trapped. He confined himself to saying that there were no such cases before the prisoners' court, or by declining to answer. He also insisted on being present at the questioning of the other witnesses.

The investigation was not very satisfactory. Dr. Diedling returned again four days later and asked for the inmate-court records. In the meantime the prisoners, realizing what was going on and fearing that the records might become an instrument in the hands of Osborne's enemies, had done away with them. The doctor asked for the records and Osborne said what was true, he did not have them in his possession. The interview was short and loud, with angry voices. Dr. Diedling's manner was such as to excite one of the visitors at the prison, E. Stagg Whitin, who ran out after Dr. Diedling to tell him that he had better be careful as he (Whitin) had witnessed the whole procedure. Dr. Diedling shouted back over his shoulder, as he was retreating: "It is all right; I have got him on the hip now."

From Sing Sing, Dr. Diedling went to the village of Ossining where he interviewed three guards who had lost their jobs—one for bringing in intoxicating liquors to the prisoners, one for insulting women visitors, the third for brutality; and a chaplain who had (*Continued on page* 400)

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(*Continued from page* 399) been asked to resign. From Ossining he went to Great Meadow, where he was received with open arms by the disgruntled highbrows and the perverts who had been transferred to Clinton and then retransferred to Great Meadow where the highbrows could work them into a proper frame of mind for perjury and false testimony—as was later clearly enough revealed. Dr. Diedling and the confidential agent went to Great Meadow on the same train.

From Great Meadow, Dr. Diedling went to Clinton Prison, where he interviewed nine prisoners, two guards, and the superintendent of industries. One of those he interviewed made a sworn statement within a month that Dr. Diedling dictated his own answers to his own questions.

The purpose of the investigation was clear enough in the two recommendations made by Dr. Diedling in his report. The first of these was that Osborne be "promptly" removed as warden of Sing Sing. The second was that the commission lay the report before the Westchester County Grand Jury and seek the indictment of Thomas Mott Osborne because he "became an accessory to the felony by aiding these offenders, with the intent that they escape from indictment, trial, conviction, and punishment for the crimes committed in the prison against the person of their fellow prisoners." In defense of these recommendations he set up a long list of reasons and justifications. Three fellow members of the Prison Commission, Frank E. Wade, Leon C. Weinstock and Richard M. Hurd, came out in public statements against Dr. Diedling's report. Mr. Hurd called it "preposterous bosh." Ninety-nine out of 101 keepers and every civil employe of Sing Sing but three, signed a public protest. But Dr. Diedling's report had served its purpose. They thought they had Osborne "on the hip."

The scene now shifts to White Plains where were gathered prisoners armed with the prepared affidavits; the highbrows who had coached, wheedled, and threatened the inmates into making them; and the discharged Sing Sing employes. The highbrows became attachés of the district attorney's office. One of them, a former politician and lawyer, was recognized by everybody as an assistant to the district attorney in the preparation of the witnesses for the Grand Jury. In White Plains jail this man occupied the "Harry Thaw suite" with a private bath, and his meals were supplied from the outside. All of the prisoners upon arrival at the prison would be taken to his room and told that "the district attorney has given me the right" to question, interview, and help the men. The prisoners who agreed to testify against Osborne were transferred to the hospital ward and given special food and privileges.

IN ten days the Grand Jury had handed down an indictment of twenty-one men. This indictment was based upon the testimony of four prisoners. One was a self-confessed pervert who claimed to have involved each of the twenty-one men indicted; the three others had their knowledge by hearsay and gossip. And of these three, two were coerced into testifying, while the other was the politician and lawyer who had been installed as an assistant to the district attorney.

There is not space here for a description of the scandalous procedure before the grand jury. Its manner and flavor may be shown by the case of Jack Dropper, who was brought down to White Plains in the hope that he could be persuaded to perjure himself. Jack Dropper was an East Side gangster, rough and handy with his fists, strong and quick tempered, but loyal to the few whom he had learned to trust. The district attorney's staff bullied, threatened, pleaded, and promised, but Jack Dropper said he "wouldn't commit dirty work for anybody," and he didn't.

In the White Plains jail, Dropper was asked by the convict assistant to the district attorney to make a statement against Warden Osborne, to which Dropper replied: "When I come up before the Grand Jury I am going to tell them the truth; that the Warden is an upright man and anybody who wants to try and blacken his character and do a dirty trick like that can go ahead. I am not going to do it; and you get out of here." A deputy sheriff was then put to work on him. This man said to him: "They . . . are going to get you about thirty years, and if I were you I would turn around and look out for myself." This threat was accompanied by a bribe. But it served no purpose. He was taken to the district attorney's office and two of the assistants attempted to bully him. "We have got you for two assaults and we have you indicted for attempted sodomy. . . ." This was followed by an insistence that he implicate the Warden, to which Jack Dropper replied, "It is a damned lie." And the other assistant said: "You can't do anything with him, he is a fool; let him go and do thirty years." Then said the first: "We can prove by R. that you told him. . . ." To which Dropper replied, "You are a dirty liar." Then he was subjected to another bit of hearsay evidence and the first assistant said: "There you go. Now will you make a statement against the Warden? We don't want you, we want the Warden."

TO all of this Dropper would only say that he would do nobody's dirty work. And when accused he would answer, "You are a dirty liar." This kept up for days. One of the sheriff's men came in again and said: "Now you see they have got it on you. Why don't you come across? What do you care for the Warden? Look out for yourself." He was returned to his cell in the evenings and there prison "rats" were put to work on him. He was locked up in the same cell with two other men, but he threatened trouble—and Dropper was dangerous when aroused. He said: "I am wise to you and S. and the tricks that you are trying to pull off on me." He would not be trapped.

During this time he was half starved, he was not allowed to see his friends nor to receive his mail. An attempt was made to keep his lawyer from him; he was not permitted to see his brother. But all of this served no purpose. He was finally transferred to Clinton Prison. On the train to Clinton the confidential agent joined him in his seat and offered advice, while before reaching Clinton, Superintendent Riley himself boarded the train and sat beside Dropper.

"'What does the district attorney want from you?' asked the Superintendent. I said: 'He wents me to conspire against the Warden.' Riley says: 'Why don't you make a statement? Why don't you do what the district attorney wants you to do? You won't get into any trouble; you don't have to worry about that.' I says: 'Nothing doing. I am no skunk. I am not going to commit dirty work for anybody.'" Not even the all-powerful Superintendent of Prisons could turn this "gorilla" from his determination. He wrote a letter to Osborne and managed to send it out "crooked":

> Dear Friend: I thought I drop you a few lines to let you know am *feeling pretty rotten* after me acting the part of a man and not get a thought from nobody. . . . Well dear friend I am not trying to impose upon your good nature as I . . . know how you feel after trying to do good and my own kind *conspire* against you. I always knew you to be a high standing citizen from our experience and I know that your name will be *cleared before long.* I am down here and they are all picking on me to conspire against you but God knows I am a man and no *skunk.* . . .

Not one of the twenty-one men indicted would seek to save his own skin—and they were all approached one way or another. As Osborne said: "Of all my prison experiences I hold this as the most amazing; that there could not be found among that score of 'hardened criminals' a single man willing to perjure himself in order to escape indictment and conviction—and to secure release from prison! The more I have reflected upon it the more wonderful it seems."

In Christmas week, without hearing the large number of guards and prisoners that Osborne had suggested to the district attorney as witnesses, and on the testimony of poor creatures, acknowledged perverts who had been inmates of insane asylums as well as of prisons, the grand jury brought in an indictment against Osborne. The news trickled down into the prison yard through the "grape-vine" system and Osborne feared that it might lead the men to despair and perhaps riot. He ordered them all to assemble in the mess hall after supper and, as so often before, he climbed on a table facing the prisoners and said: "I have just heard that I have been indicted by the Westchester Grand Jury. I presume that you will congratulate me." That made them laugh. When the place was quiet again one of the men shouted: "Now, Warden, you know how it is yourself." There was more laughter. Then he said:

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I want you to know I am still warden of Sing Sing and I shall be warden of Sing Sing till they kick me out. Now you must not worry. You will have more friends tomorrow than you have today, and you will have more in the days that follow. The only persons who can injure the movement are yourselves. You have shown that you can do well when things run smoothly. Can you now prove your strength by standing up when things go against you?

He was indicted for perjury; for neglect of duty; for permitting unauthorized prisoners into the death house; for failure to exercise general supervision over the government, discipline, and police of the prison; for breaking down the discipline and thus encouraging crimes; and, finally, because he did not "deport himself in such a manner as to command the respect, esteem, and confidence of the inmates of the said prison, and that he did commit various unlawful and unnatural acts. . . ." The last count contained a number of implied felonies under a misdemeanor indictment.

The Governor and the Superintendent of Prisons took the position that having been indicted it was up to him to resign. Osborne refused on the ground that all men are innocent in the sight of the law until proved guilty. But he asked for a leave of absence to be free to fight his legal battle with the understanding that his friend, George W. Kirchwey, would be appointed temporary warden. This was only achieved after much bickering. The fact that Dr. Kirchwey had been appointed to take Osborne's place was a guarantee that the prisoners would be allowed to carry on the experiment in self-government, and that seemed to satisfy the prison community. As Osborne walked into the mess hall every man jumped to his feet and cheered frantically, and the guards about the prison joined in the demonstration.

A few days previously an English visitor at Sing Sing was told of Osborne's indictment and is reported to have said: "Indicted? *Indicted!* In my country he would be knighted."

The trials of Thomas Mott Osborne and of Jack Dropper, which followed the indictments handed down by the Westchester County Grand Jury, will form the subject of the next instalment of Mr. Tannenbaum's articles.

AS THE ROMANS DO

(*Continued from page* 373)

centuries. When Mike and Maria (like their tribe before them) tried to escape from the grim facts, there was no cave draped with the wild verbena and consecrated by the bones of forgotten shepherds. They could find nothing better than a rusty garage near the city dump. No bread and wine stood at their sill in the morning, and there was no kindly cousin to take them in when our north winds blew. Instead, a policeman battered down the door, and they are in a fair way to find themselves not in a chapel but a jail.

What puzzles them is that whereas the proudest moments in the lives of their mothers and grandmothers were when they were captured brides, let Mike try to carry out the family tradition for gallantry, and he is not a hero but a crook. They have come to Rome, and the Romans seem to be a dour race that gets savage and vindictive over nothing. If Mike and Maria marry when they can afford it, what difference does it make, they ask, whether now or later? Have the Romans never been young? Is there no dalliance in this dark and cheerless land? Are Mike and Maria the first lovers who have courted under a tree? We act fussier and more annoying even than the Bishop.

In short, on one's first visit to Rome, it seems to be more important to learn what the Romans do not do than what they do. Then, if one determines to do differently, to learn to be cautious and to conceal it. Romance in Rome is no springtime carnival in which the countryside may join. It is a clandestine and gloomy sport to be indulged, and lied about.

For in thirty days Mike and Maria have ceased to be fawns and nymphs on a Greek vase. Nor may they still be jovial peasants on a threshing floor. They cannot even take pattern from their own grandsires. They must do as we do, and at once. For they have come to Rome!

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ELEANOR McMAIN—ONE OF THE PIONEERS

(*Continued from page* 377)

Camp Onward alone goes more than went to the entire early program. Younger staff members with the training of modern social work have been added to the pioneer group. The membership has more than doubled; the day nursery and the child-welfare clinic, independent units having quarters of their own within the quadrangle, are daily rendering the best type of modern service; the fine gymnasium, also in a building of its own, is crowded at the Saturday-night basket-ball games and boxing matches and is almost paying its own way. The wading and swimming pool of today contrasts with the single neighborhood hydrant of a quarter century ago. Music, dramatics, weaving, and a gamut of craft instruction have their separate classroom and machinery. It is an impressive spectacle of up-to-date, intelligently directed neighborhood activity.

Yet it is characteristic that Miss McMain embarked upon this new venture with serious and sincere misgivings. "Will we lose our neighborhood? Will all this brick and mortar make us forget our purpose and the friends and neighbors to whom the creaking gate at Erato Street was the symbol of simplicity and comradeship? Will we forget the neighborhood in admiration of our plant?"

Other settlements had found that affluence holds many pitfalls. But the five years of the new Kingsley have shown how soundly grounded is its philosophy. Perhaps, as Miss McMain would have it, "the credit is the neighborhood's. We have the solidity of continuous tradition such as few settlement neighborhoods have seen. We have a loyalty to ourselves and to our friends into and from which the pattern of Kingsley House is inextricably woven. We have an Irish sense of independence and of love for organization. These are the things which are enabling us to withstand prosperity."

Certainly the Mothers' Club, which has been the backbone of every forward step, has not only grown in strength and power but its participation in and guidance of new Kingsley is greater than ever before. The Eleanor Club of younger girls is coming to rival in prestige this association of their mothers. The men's club, that most difficult of all settlement groups, has recently risen to several House and neighborhood emergencies. The Junior Council is a development of this period.

BUT greater evidence is the steady stream of people who come to the grilled gate of the new quadrangle; through doors no more locked than they were at the "house in the middle of the road"; the monthly account of the simple—yet how vital—family problems which have been met; the visits at all times of the day and night to friends and neighbors in their homes. "The new House is a better House—built in and for a people who have made themselves better through all these years."

Eleanor McMain is a figure that would stand out in any group. Distinguished carriage, ample frame to carry the great spirit which inhabits it. The coal black hair of earlier years has softened to gray. Hands strong and knarled: "Many times in the old days have I taken shovel or spade and with our women set example to the neighborhood by cleaning stagnant gutters and ill-smelling streets." Eyes that defy description, for in them burns an unquenchable fire fed by an undying belief in the simple virtues of her neighbors, a quarter century of crystalized conviction that mankind is good.

Years ago, in one of those reports—finely penned in the handwriting of her schooling—she set forth the guiding vision of her inspiration. From it she has never wavered.

Our friends sometimes tell us, "We like to come to Kingsley House, but those blocks out Erato Street are the longest in town and so sodden! So forlorn, so colorless! So hopelessly depressing!"

But if these friends ever come to live at Kingsley House, they will find themselves often at the sunset hour looking out upon this self-same street, and they will see every dingy window and doorway tinged as with fire. The entire street, even the still waters in the gutter, will be flooded with a wealth of radiant light and

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out against the purple and crimson and gold of the sunset sky will stand the slender, graceful church spire, the symbol of the higher, the holier things in life and of the good that is in man. And, behold, they will look upon a Street Transfigured.

And we who live here and have often looked upon the Street, hope that one day will come a Poet who will write a Sonnet to the Street Transfigured. For to us it has come to be a symbol, a type of our neighborhood life. Up and down the streets, in and out of the dingy houses, we see and feel constantly this transfiguring spirit, glorifying the life that is about us.

When we shall have been able completely to help this spirit to impress itself visibly upon the material life about us, when we shall have helped the people who come from other settlements to see not just the sodden, dingy street but something of the glow of the transfiguring spirit, then perhaps we can wipe off some of our failures and be worthy of the latest and best name that has been given to a social settlement. We shall be called the House of the Interpreter.

SHALL WE STICK TO THE AMERICAN DOLE?

(*Continued from page* 392)

they do against their immediate sufferings. We can understand how the Bendiks thought of themselves as at the bottom of the ladder and, after twelve years, worse off than when they started out—with their savings gone, bills piled up, and uncertainty ahead for their three children. Mrs. Carter of Columbus, Ga., sums up for us the feeling which runs like an unsteady ray of hope through so many of our family histories: "When you don't have much yourself, you like to see your children get it. We have planned all our lives to have our children have a highschool education. Yes, maybe you are right, perhaps we will be able to give it to the little ones, but you know how it is with a mother, she don't want none of them slighted."

To the physical misery and strain is added the broken morale, the wreckage of human relations and hopes for boys and girls. We are perhaps not so quick to feel badly about people being worried as about their being hungry. But to the families concerned, the effects on the spirit may be more devastating. They tell us so many times: "It's not the going without we mind; it's the insecurity." The man who has lost his sense of belongingness with the loss of his job, and with it his place in the scheme of his own household, is on new and unsteady footing. Under the emotional upset of fathers and mothers is the sense of trying to build on quicksand. Most of us like to feel that in living we are building and the glimpses we catch of this trait, persisting in the face of circumstances, is one of the things that in reading these stories reassures us as to the reserves of human nature. The older folk have a patience that puts us to shame; but they lack the tools and materials to build with anew. The younger married men and women who lose their start, have youth on their side but at the same time are goaded with youth's impatience at futility.

What, above all, unemployment does to people is to take the spring out of them.

Security

IF these stories, as we believe, are fair cross sections of experience, then unemployment strikes in two ways at the security of the wage-earning family.

First, the workman cannot be sure of holding his job. Through all the cases runs the evidence that perseverance, skill, education, health, long and excellent work records—none of these "stand the breadwinner in certain stead when the bad word is handed down."

Second, the workman's family has no surety in tiding over the time he is out of work. Our analyses of the lines on which our families fell back in their trouble, showed that neither savings in cash, nor homes, nor furniture, nor personal keepsakes; neither charity nor getting into debt to butcher and baker; neither moving to cheaper quarters nor scrimping on food, nor the enforced labor of mothers and children gave adequate assurance of livelihood when broken work or no work at all drove these families back on their own resources. All combined, these makeshifts did not offer a reasonable solution of their predicament nor one

(*Continued on page* 404)

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Index to Advertisers

January, 1931

EDUCATIONAL

Authors Research Bureau 409
Columbia University Home Study Courses ..... Back Cover
New School for Social Research ..... Second Cover
New York School of Social Work 410
Pennsylvania School of Social & Health Work 411
Simmons College School of Social Work 410
Smith College School for Social Work 411
Southwest Social Service Institute 411
Training School for Jewish Social Work 410
University of Chicago Graduate School of Social Service Administration 411
University of Chicago Home Study Courses 410
Yale University School of Nursing 410

Lecture Courses
Rand School of Social Science 411

School for Boys
Chateau de Bures—Paris, France 411

DIRECTORY

Social Agencies 412-413

PUBLISHERS

Columbia University Press 353
League for Industrial Democracy 403
McGraw-Hill Book Company 401
Religious Education Association 408
Russell Sage Foundation 403
World Unity Magazine 405
Yale University Press 405

Book Club
Book-of-the-Month Club ..... Opp. Second Cover

GENERAL

American Telephone & Telegraph Company 354
Fels Naptha Soap 409
Lewis & Conger 409
Metropolitan Life Insurance Co ..... Third Cover
The Women's International League for Peace & Freedom 402

TRAVEL AND RESORTS

Caravan Cruises, Inc 407
College Travel Club 407
The Open Road 406
Western View Farm 406
Wicker Tours 406

CLASSIFIED

Situations Wanted 414
Workers Wanted 414
Miscellaneous 414

Employment Agencies
Collegiate Service, Inc 414
Executive Service Corporation 414
Gertrude R. Stein, Inc 414
Joint Vocational Service, Inc 415

Printing, Multigraphing, Typewriting, etc.
Action Letter Service 415
Hooven Actual Typed Letter Company 415
Quick Service Letter Co., Inc 415
Webster Letter Addressing & Mailing Co 415
Pamphlets & Periodicals 414

(*Continued from page* 403) which we should tolerate as part of our going life.

Those of us who have gathered and analyzed and interpreted these stories found agreement in the following propositions:[1]

Clearly whether unemployment is controllable or uncontrollable its ultimate burden falls upon men least able to bear it and frequently upon those in no way responsible for its incidence. Most of the great modern nations have provided their workers with some form of insurance against such unemployment. We have not.

A small group of progressive American employers have set up employment reserves, and in the garment trades we have had an outstanding example of a mutual fund under labor-management control. The United States has built up better employment statistics by industries than has Europe. It is held by certain economists that an original scheme of protective insurance classified by trades and establishments can be devised so that, as in our fire insurance companies, the economic pressure of the system will give an advantage to those industries which regularize their employment. But whether protection is arranged by individual management, by the trade as a whole, or through public action, as in compensation laws, the burden of unemployment should not be allowed to fall solely on the family of the worker.

The ills that flesh is heir to will always contribute to the total of unemployment. Sickness, bad habits, insanity, irresponsibility, incapacity, accidents, old age, and death put families on the rocks. But these are problems of health and psychiatry, of relief and other spheres of social treatment. Our settlement study sought to disentangle the unemployed from the unemployable by focussing on families whose predicament is due to industrial causes outside their control.

Under any scheme of protection which would make industry and the consuming public co-partners in insuring against the risk of broken work which thus confronts them, the benefits would cover only a comparatively small share of the loss from broken earnings. The greater share would continue to be borne by the families and the dislodged wage-earners themselves. If these case stories show anything they show that most families can be counted upon to shoulder that share with fortitude. But the insurance benefits would create a minimum provision against the more extreme forms of distress. Their receipt would come not as an affront to the instinct for self-dependence but as part of the bargain of livelihood for those whose fortunes are bound up in the operation of American industry.

We should not leave it to people so disadvantaged to combat, single-handed, the industrial changes and dislocations which tear at the structure of their homes.

[1] Page 161, conclusion; Some Folks Won't Work, by Clinch Calkins. Harcourt, Brace and Company.

WHY WE ARE HUNGRY FOR A PHILOSOPHY

(*Continued from page* 360)

our destiny is as great as it was ever conceived by the religions. But we have remained—and still remain—unmoved. "Where are the proofs?"

Science succeeded—and science convinced us—because science went forth to investigate. It touched, handled, saw. Philosophy failed because philosophy did not—perhaps could not—go forth to investigate. To be sure, philosophers did the best they could. When scientists began to be fruitful in their researches, the philosophers sat humbly at the doors of the scientists and waited for every crumb of empirical evidence that could be passed out to them. But the scientists were concerned only with comparatively elementary things—with atoms and molecules; in short, with the purely physical world.

There was a time, in the preceding century, when there was the tendency among philosophers to believe that this evidence was enough. They took the atoms—because they were the only things that could be guaranteed—and built a world out of them. They became, in short, materialists. Thought, emotion, spirit were only physico-chemical. Man, himself, was but a passing conglomeration of atoms doomed to eventual dissolution.

Thus the philosophy of the past has left us in a dilemma. It has given us the choice between speculations which, though idealistic, are non-evidential, and inferences which, though

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buttressed by scientific fact, leave us out of the cosmic picture.

IX

WHICH brings us to the third period, upon which we are now entering. Several things have happened to make this period already notable. In the first place, physical science itself has passed through a revolution. Matter, in the old sense of the word, has gone into the discard. Matter has become dematerialized and is now energy—whatever that may mean. The old block-universe of atoms which the materialistic philosophers built will therefore no longer do. The dead universe has suddenly become alive. It is at least bundles of activity.

A second thing has happened. The physicists are roundly declaring that we must not take them too uncritically. They warn us that they are concerned with only a very small aspect of the whole of things—in short, only with that which is measurable. There is much, they assure us, of which they take no account whatever. Emotions, aspirations, purposes, delights, social and artistic enterprises—these lie beyond the domain of physics. But because they lie beyond, they must not be taken to be unreal. They may, as a matter of fact, for all that the physicist may know, have a reality that is far more significant than that of physical things.

The import of this is very great indeed. Hitherto the evidential philosophers have, for the most part, sought for their empirical evidence only in the field of physics. It was for that reason that they became unduly impressed with matter and submitted their universe to the mechanical laws of matter. Even today most philosophers know far more about researches in the field of physics than they know of what is happening in those sciences which deal with life and mind. But the physicists are issuing their warning, "There may be other realms of reality." When philosophy takes heed of that warning, the third period will really be on its way.

X

WE are hungry for a philosophy today because, on the one hand, the materialistic conceptions of the universe leave us unsatisfied. They not only dash legitimate hopes; they make life meaningless. On the other hand, the fine habit we have developed of demanding scientific evidence, makes it impossible for us any longer to embrace with confidence idealistic philosophies that are simply spun out of pure thought. Where shall we now go from here?

We are already going. Seventy years ago Charles Darwin presented his impressive array of evidence for a new challenging idea. It has taken just about that time for the idea to become a habit of our thought. We now think without difficulty of the world as "evolving," as growing from stage to stage.

Philosophy has now taken note of this new evidence, and in terms of it, it is shaping up its own revised conception of the universe. One of the names which it uses is "emergent evolution." Note that "emergent evolution" is not a purely speculative philosophy but an evidential one, the kind that the scientifically habituated modern mind demands.

What is significant about this new development of philosophy is that, where formerly the philosophers who harkened unto the physicists conceived of a world-machine, these philosophers, who harken today to the biologists, conceive of a world-organism. Where formerly they conceived of a universe so causally interknit that nothing novel ever happened, they now conceive of one that is continually generating new reality out of its infinite potentiality. Where formerly they described a universe fixed and determined in mechanical ways, they now describe a world creatively active in its every part. In brief, they have passed from a dead universe to a living one, from a finished world to one emerging into more adequate life.

In so doing, they have, in a profoundly significant way, shifted the main emphasis. In materialism the emphasis was upon order, law, immutability. In this new way of thinking the emphasis is upon spontaneity, creativeness, initiative.

We have indeed known creativeness to reside in man. We have known it as man's most (*Continued on page 408*)

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Vagabond Cruise

"THE trip was so unusual, delightful, and inexpensive ($125) that I did not know but readers of The Survey might be quite interested in hearing of it," writes Ruth Roberts Mix, executive secretary of the Civic Protective Association of New Haven, Conn., and gives a lively account of taking up life for two weeks on a banana freighter of the United Fruit Company. Imagine having a whole boat "to play with," for there were sixteen passengers in all. One of them chanced to be Señor A. Guillen Zelaya, director of El Cronista, the largest newspaper in Honduras; a man of charm and culture who could tell the group whatever they wanted to know about that country. So Mrs. Mix gives a fluent and zealous recital of such details as the average student labors over, memorizes only to forget, and dismisses impatiently as useless, anyway. She tells of things like Honduras being the third largest Central American republic, about the size of New York State, with a population of over forty thousand people; that it exports nearly all the sarsaparilla flavoring in the world, and many necessary commodities besides; that its capital city stands on a high elevation, has no railroad, and is accessible only by horseback or airplane—think of such a vaulting from the past to the present!

And such intellectual diversion was mingled with swimming in the Caribbean, going through the tropical jungle, visiting banana plantations, and generally knowing novelty and relaxation.

Death Valley

DEATH VALLEY, by Bourke Lee (Macmillan. 210 pp. Price $4.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic), is a delight. I have been to Death Valley (southeastern California). You must drive through to have any real idea of desolation. What it must have been to go on foot! It would be quite serious to break down in a car. Words defy a description of a desert road—a casual trail—no humans within several hours in any direction—no gas, no oil, only desolation with mirages of lakes. But such colors in the ranges and what bleakness about. A warm spring has been piped to make a swimming pool at the foot of the hotel on the rim of this hell hole. The hotel is built of desert rock so it isn't an eyesore. After ten hours of heat and driving we reached there. We watched a full moon over the wastes—we swam at midnight under the stars—we saw sunrise over the Valley—God such sights! And that next day a terrific sand storm raged for six hours. We had planned to explore but we swam all day instead. The pool was protected by a high stone wall north and south, the sand and wind sailed overhead, a wind to hold you flat against a wall. We swam and sunned dry in fifteen minutes—bone dry; then we swam again—water just tepid. We did it for hours. I felt and looked like a desert rat.

We left the next day; crossed the Valley by the regular route when we could find the trail and headed north and west. At the foot of the Sierras a blizzard met us head on. It was the most thrilling five days in my experience since China.

So you may know I am pleased to have B. Lee. He uses some of the Manly material. Do read Louis Manly's own

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account—his journal. You won't mind the dull style because of the unbelievable stuff in it.

Thank God I didn't live in those days.

HELEN HAYES GLEASON
(author of The Book of Arthur Gleason)

Toward Better Understanding

WE hear a good deal about "weapons of peace." Being non-combustible, they haven't raised any racket. But as a safety device, they hold the hope of human progress. What are some of them? Concretely, they are International House, the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America, the Open Road, the Institute of International Education, the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation, and so on (see earlier issues of Survey Graphic).

And the Carl Schurz Memorial Foundation was organized last summer "for the development of cultural relations between the United States and Germany." Its line of march and attack is strategic, and ranges over an exchange of more than one hundred students and professors; talks by distinguished German visitors; a more extensive teaching of the language, with a possible summer institute for German instructors; and vice versa, a more widespread teaching of American history and literature in German universities; also a more liberal sharing of literary heroes, such as the Goethe celebration in 1932. (Wilbur K. Thomas, director, 225 South 15 Street, Philadelphia.)

In Our Midst

FROM Mexico comes Frances Toor, founder and editor of Mexican Folkways, who brings us a whiff of that country in her first-hand knowledge of the life of the Indians, their art, music, and legends. Diego Rivera, the distinguished artist, is in San Francisco. And Frank Tannenbaum is just back for a brief interlude from the far reaches of Mexico, where he has been studying their remarkable scheme of rural education.

Countess Jean de Roussy de Sales is getting in touch with America and socially minded Americans. She is president of the Foyers Feminins de France (Home Centers of France for Working Girls), which came into being during the war to provide the girls in munition factories with warm meals, and has since grown in size and service. Through its five branches in Paris, one each in Lyons, St. Etienne, and Bourges, it furnishes a good lunch at 20 cents to thousands of girls, as well as educational, medical, and social facilities. The best testimony perhaps of fine work and management is the fact that the Foyers Feminine is self-supporting.

William B. Feakins tells us that S. K. Ratcliffe and Salvador de Madariaga will be making the rounds here till April, when Señor de Madariaga leaves to lecture at the universities of Mexico and Cuba.

And from Mary W. Fry of the speakers' bureau of the League of Nations Association, we learn that there are three men here now especially capable to discuss the League itself, its relation to current educational and labor problems, and recent progress in international agreements. They are Capt. Lothian Small, Dr. Armando Mencia, and Pierre de Lanux.

Winter Fair

THE British Industries Fair will be held February 16 to 27 at Olympia, London, and simultaneously at Castle Bromwich, Birmingham. But the two sections will display different types of wares—that in London being devoted largely to gifts, novelties, toys, stationery, and similar articles. A special attraction will be the concurrent Annual Exhibition of Artificial Goods and the Cotton Textile Exhibition, where every aspect of the industry from the raw material to the finished fabric will be represented.

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A Jundy

OVER in Scotland they speak of a jundy, meaning a jogtrot journey. Well, we have had our jundy. In early May through the Shenandoah Valley by Winchester, Staunton, Lexington and Roanoke; and then by Winston-Salem, Chapel Hill, Pinehurst, Camden, Columbia and Aiken to the Charleston of tradition and atmosphere. Below Savannah to a typical old-time plantation, with its "big house," slave quarters, formal garden and centuries-old oaks.

Down the East Coast by way of Brunswick, Jacksonville, St. Augustine, Ormond, Daytona, New Smyrna and Palm Beach. From busy Miami we slipped away just ahead of a five-day torrential downpour. Crossed the Everglade country, past Lake Ocheechobee, to Tampa, Orlando, and Silver Springs, coming to rest at St. Petersburg, the city of sunshine and friendliness.

We visited the stately Bok Tower and the surrounding Bird Sanctuary, both of them beautiful in the golden glow of a setting sun. We viewed on one farm magnolia, lavender, oleander, bayleaf, camphor, banana, cherry, fig, lime, lemon, orange, pear, olive, pomegranate, mango, guava, and pawpaw trees; shrubs and vines; mules, cows, chickens, pussycats and sand. Florida treated us kindly, with never a hot day nor a single stuffy night.

But the mountains! the mountains! Again we exclaim, "Thank God for the mountains." We share the emotion of the old guide, who spoke of that feeling of heaven uphistedness. Mt. Pisgah, Mt. Mitchell, Caesar's Head, Nantahala, Cherokee, Cattaloochee, Banners Elk, Roaring Gap, Chimney Rock, Blowing Rock and Flat Rock.

From an old-fashioned Inn, far up a mountainside, amid glorious sunrises, gorgeous sunsets, bewitching moonlight and the calm of starlit nights—all inspiring and yet oh! so restful—we send this message of remembrance to our friends everywhere.

ADDISON W. BAIRD

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(*Continued from page* 405) significant power. It was the taking of creativeness out of the wider universe that made materialism so devastating a doctrine. For taking it out of the universe, it took it away from man. It made man's creative enthusiasms into pathetic illusions.

XI

SO much for harkening to the biologists. The roof seems not so impenetrable over head. Beyond in the vaster world, apparently, the same fundamental urgencies of creative life are at work that work in man himself. Man's life, then, is not a queer, inexplicable "sport" in the universe. There is a kinship between man and his world. It is not necessary, therefore, for him simply to huddle within his own concerns, casting a troubled eye now and then at a universe that refuses to own him. In a very real sense, he belongs to the universe, is blood of its blood, spirit of its spirit.

The philosophers have harkened to the biologists—and the universe has come alive. Already the further stage is in sight. They will next harken to the psychologists.

It is an intriguing thought that thus far two great generalizations have emerged out of the sciences. The first came out of the seventeenth century physics—the law of gravitation. The second came out of nineteenth century biology—the law of evolution. Will another great generalization come out of twentieth century psychology?

The scientific decks are being cleared for that. Psychology is an infant science. It has done scarcely more than begin to investigate. But the illumination it has brought has already been notable. What is not usually thought of is that the illumination may eventually reach far beyond our purely human concerns. It may eventually give us our most significant clues to the universe.

This is so infrequent an idea that it deserves a further word. Emergent evolution seems to indicate that the emerging stages of reality successively reveal more of what reality has in it to be. Thus the organic reveals nature at a more realized level than the inorganic. The latest emergent is mind. Mind is, as it were, nature become conscious and articulate.

It would seem folly, then, to continue to go solely to the least adequate level—to atoms and molecules—for information about what the universe is and has in it to be. It would seem equal folly to stop with the biological level. If mind is nature in its richest emergence, then mind is, thus far, nature's most adequate revealer.

The outlook is a fascinating one.

> If you would know what earth is, scan
> The intricate, proud heart of man.

This changes the whole face of the problem. It enables us to look confidently for some way out of the *impasse* in which we have found ourselves ever since the ladder was removed that reached into the heavens. Man need no longer turn to himself despairingly *away* from a universe too baffling for him to explore. On the contrary, as nature's latest emergent, he may now turn to himself as to a glass *through which* he may see nature—darkly indeed but far more clearly than on any other level of reality.

When this thought is fully grasped, philosophy will enter upon a new and far more thrilling career. Hitherto, idealistic philosophy has indeed tried to see nature through man, but it has done so, for the most part, without sufficient evidence as to what man really is. Its results were one-sided, and, above all, unconvincing. The reason is obvious: the *science* of man was still unborn. Now that science is born. As it grows in insight, philosophy will find the evidence upon which it can base inferences which will doubtless be as far-reaching as any that have yet been achieved.

XII

IT is *meaning* that we seek. That is what we hunger for. Meaning in the universe. Meaning in the life of man. Meaning in significant interrelationship. Somehow the universe has to be brought back into the life of man, or that life goes

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limping. Despairing of a universe that seemed utterly alien to our hopes and enthusiasms, we did the best we could. We shrugged our shoulders and went about our human affairs. But that was really no solution. We did fairly well, to be sure, but the heart was pretty well gone out of things. Our laughter had the stridency of an inner despair.

Now the roof overhead opens. And it opens as we would wish it. There is something to be done other than to call upon some power above ourselves, some magical *deus ex machina* to bring down consolation and hope. We can search out the essential nature of man as mind—perhaps the most neglected part of the universe we have hitherto subjected to scientific investigation.

Through the atom, nature was revealed to us as immutable order. Through life, it was revealed as a creative process of growth. Through the depths and still unknown heights of mind. . .?

The future is ahead of us.

THE MIND IN THE BREAKING

(*Continued from page* 369)

major speech defects, a similar number who need special-class training because of mental defect, and some 3,135,000 who will develop a behavior problem that calls for professional assistance. There are about 250,000 school children who before they are fourteen years of age will be held some time as delinquents, at least temporarily.

Among our 11,500,000 young men and women from twenty to twenty-four, 5 per cent (576,000) will suffer damage or distress as a result of emotional difficulties.

Without counting adult delinquents or inmates of mental hospitals, we can assume that of the remaining population, at least 288,600 will need a psychiatrist's advice within the year. Of the 1,443,000 who will become major dependency problems, 15 per cent (216,450) will be in families in which there is a case of mental disorder.

Something in the way of prevention can be attempted at least for these ten and a quarter million of our people at various ages who are not listed among the insane or the criminal, but whose lives will be narrowed, warped, tangled, and lacking in happiness or gentleness. System, method, and the persistence of organized effort by trained and understanding representatives of the sciences and of society, can and surely will show results, first among the little children and later among the army of school youth.

Without a plan, a vision of the job ahead, a conviction of the possibilities of prevention, we can only stand aghast at the closely calculated predictions that evolve out of the experience of our existing domiciliary or hospital care of severe, advanced mental disease. We can visualize the magnitude of the problem perhaps in a more intimate and personal way through a conservative estimate, based on current experience, that 1 person in every 22 in the United States as a whole will become so diseased mentally that within the lifetime of a generation he will be an inmate of a mental hospital. The probabilities of mental disease of a grave nature are greater among the foreign-born than among the native-born, among men than among women, in early youth and maturity than in middle age and after.

As a result of increased prevalence, commoner recognition, more adequate facilities, greater readiness to accept institutional care, and doubtless other factors, a recent five-year test of trends shows clearly an increase in volume in the severer types of mental disease that require hospital, domiciliary, or custodial care.

There are about 300,000 mental-hospital patients, and the number is at present increasing at the rate of about 10,000 a year, with 75,000 new patients admitted each year. At this rate, about 1,000,000 of the young people now in school and college will be inmates of mental hospitals at some time in their lives.

General hospitals in the (*Continued on page* 413)

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(*Continued from page* 409) United States are used on the average to about 67 per cent of their capacity, those for mental disease to rarely less than 100 per cent, and in some areas, such as greater New York, often to 130 per cent of normal capacity.

Only one group of patients admitted to mental hospitals seems to have shown response to social action of a preventive nature. The proportion of alcoholic psychoses to all admissions to mental hospitals in New York State fell from 21.1 per cent in 1917 to 12.2 per cent in 1920, rose to 15.9 per cent in 1927, and again fell to 14.9 per cent in 1928. Among nineteen states for which figures were available the percentage of alcoholic psychoses among all admissions to mental hospitals was 11 per cent in 1910, 3.9 per cent in 1922, 4.8 per cent in 1925, and 5.1 per cent in 1926.

While public-health activities are concerned primarily with prevention, strong arguments for vigorous efforts in this direction are often found in the relative failure of the resources of curative medicine. Apparently, even with the ablest use of the therapeutic measures of today, we cannot expect recovery for more than 25 to 35 per cent of the patients admitted to mental hospitals. No other important category of disease shows numerically so unfavorable an outcome of treatment. Yet existing knowledge suggests that about half of all cases of mental disease now admitted to our institutions could have been prevented, chiefly through guidance of behavior and emotions in childhood and adolescence. While there are 50,000 feebleminded persons in institutions, as many as 450,000 more are occupied in a more or less successful manner among the general population. It is believed that half of the 15,000 actual suicides, and the 35,000 to 40,000 attempted suicides each year have already shown well-marked symptoms of preventable mental disorder.

Again, more than 500,000 men, women, and children, 1 person among each 24 of the population of the United States, pass through our courts into jails, prisons, and institutions each year, among whom two thirds of the delinquent or so-called criminal are found to be mentally disordered or defective, and to a great degree suffering from conditions preventable by measures that are included in the resources of mental hygiene. Of admissions to Sing Sing Prison in New York State, 66.8 per cent had served one or more terms in prison previously, and 59 per cent exhibited some form of nervous or mental abnormality that in one way or another determined their behavior (in addition to the conduct disorders that were due to their imprisonment). The histories of these mentally abnormal prisoners belie the dogma, tradition, and superstition that combine to block preventive efforts. Predestination and the fatalistic concept of criminality will give way before evidence of preventable factors, which may even hark back to the days of the nursery-school child who has not learned the meaning of *meum* and *tuum* in the matter of toys.

In the United States today, 450,000 people are social liabilities because of mental disease; 500,000 more are in prisons and reformatories; 1,000,000 more fail of being social assets because of a low level of intelli- (*Continued on page* 416)

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Analytic Index to This Number

January, 1931

Mental Health:
Pages 357, 366

Social History:
Pages 357, 361, 374, 378, 382

Unemployment:
Page 389

Penology:
Page 378

International Relations:
Pages 384, 393

Family Welfare:
Pages 357, 366, 370, 374, 384, 389

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(*Continued from page* 413) gence. This amount of mental disorder of a degree to justify if not actually to result in institutional care indicates an even greater maladjustment psychologically between the individual and society than tuberculosis has revealed in the physical and physiological sphere between man and his present material environment.

There is no escape from the issue. Man can redeem his fellow. Human society is as ruthless as the law of the jungle, but it can be as relentless in sweeping away obstructions to its own progress as in overcoming hindrances to its pleasures. Fear of ignorance is the only fear worthy of survival in our time. If we can abolish the other fears, which paralyze action, freedom, self-expression, and freeze out the happiness of childhood, we shall have done a service incomparably more memorable than the triumphs of bacteriology in the past half century.

The techniques will be for this generation to develop, and so far as they do not deal with infections, intoxications, inherited damage to the mind, they must lie mainly in the use of human character.

We have as a goal such prevention of mental disease as will "maintain the strong, refit the weak and sick to their health and opportunity, and deliver them to a useful life in the community and that pursuit of happiness which is the proper promise of creation."

WHAT NEXT IN INDIA?

(*Continued from page* 387)

as to how much relief can be expected from the Round Table Conference. I venture to say that the Conference as it is composed and is being maneuvered, will not go far enough to satisfy Indian popular demands nor can it even temporarily mitigate their feelings. The viceroy has sent the Governmental views on reforms and along with them a batch of four British civil service men from India, who were here in the position of governors and members of the Executive Council. They are known to be reactionaries and are deputed to act as consulting experts to the British delegation at the Round Table Conference. Among the twelve British delegates with the exception of Mr. MacDonald, those with any personal knowledge of India are conservatives. Of the Indian delegation, sixteen are maharajas who are entirely under instruction by the Simla authorities. An equal number is from among the Moslems, who are as to policy pro-Government men at this particular juncture. This leaves about forty delegates, of whom half are titled men and, as it is too well known in India, they are to be counted with the Government.

I can do no better than quote from Hitavad, a very moderate paper and opposed to Gandhi's views. It complains that while many of them "are pleasant and amiable mediocrities, some others are heard of for the first time as politicians." It remarks, further:

> We may frankly say that we are not much impressed by the personnel of the Indian delegation though there are some outstanding men in it. Some of the delegates have been selected to neutralize one another's views. Unless patriotism and statesmanship assert themselves, there is a danger of the whole plan making confusion worse confounded.

Some of the Moslem leaders, though not with Gandhi, have decided to abstain from the Conference, warning the Government that it will fail to satisfy the country composed as it is at present. Indian chambers of commerce and Indian business interests have boycotted the Conference. Against them there is the preponderance at the Conference of British vested interests in India trying to perpetuate the present status.

Taken all in all, it is calculated that as a result of the Round Table Conference there may be some more "reforms" instead of dominion status. There will be a greater share of authority in the provinces, but the central government will continue entirely in British hands as at present. That means the whole military budget, which is half the budget of the country, will be non-votable, and the police and the judiciary will remain out of Indian hands. Then, in the industrial developments the reservations will continue favoring imperial preference, which means preference to British import in India as at present. Of course that is not likely to satisfy the national sentiment. A prolonged period of unrest lies ahead in India.

My own belief is that the next five years will be the hardest in India. Britain is not prepared to let India have the same freedom as the rest of the dominions, because she will lose immediately the present favored position so essential for her falling trade. Mr. Snowden, the Labor chancellor of the exchequer, said the other day that British trade with India could be increased by 87,000,000 pounds sterling if the purchasing power of the 300,000,000 in the country was raised by six shillings per capita. To let the political domination in India go is to throw open Britain's best market for competition both without and within; i. e., from other countries as well as from Indian indigenous trade development.

British political power has been the best bounty and the best patronage for the vast British commercial interests in India. Britain's government in India literally hands over vast natural resources for exploitation to British industries as part of their natural privilege. Then it purchases British material in large quantities for railroad, telegraph and telephone, public works, state enterprises, and so on. Government offices must work on British typewriters and Government hospitals must have British-made thermometers. And these purchases are very often made at higher quotations in the British market as compared with foreign tenders. And all at India's cost.

British government makes laws in India showing preference to British products as against similar commodities from other countries. A large part of Britain's imperial army is trained in India and paid for by India to the exclusion of Indian youth. India has been a remunerative field for employment of British young men. India, in other words, has been the biggest British extraterritorial part of the Empire. To let all this go and start relations on the basis of equality and freedom for India means too big a loss for Britain. This is the major issue for Britain and this has been the major weapon for the Indian. The boycott of British goods is therefore being followed by Hindus as a new religion, and the viceroy had to pass a special ordinance to kill it. Children are being sent to jail for shouting. "Boycott British goods."

When I say it will take a further five years, I mean simply that such a period is required for the nationalists to organize their forces well enough to put before England the alternative of empire or trade. Just now British public opinion is not sufficiently educated on the Indian issue to make an intelligent choice; the few who both see and are willing to advance do not feel strong enough to take the collective responsibility.

Had the Indian intelligentsia not had this weapon, one might have despaired of non-violence being kept up. With all the leaders in jail and with the forces of police and military let loose on the population with extra powers in the shape of ordinances, even the militant pacifist might be tempted to pick up a hatchet if he could not manage to get a revolver. Two factors restrain the Indian populace from going into a wild "blood for blood" mood. The first is that Gandhi is not yet dead. I mean he is yet physically alive and his existence in jail works as a constant souvenir in the minds of the people of the supreme principle for which he stands. In other words, people continue to keep a sort of ethical communion with Gandhi in jail. To take up violence in retaliation would, therefore, be something like crucifying this prophet and nailing him alive in a British jail.

The second factor that keeps the vast majority on Gandhi's course, is the economic boycott of the British. Already it has been indicated to the Indian nationalist that he can throw British empire trade out of gear and successfully destroy that connection between India and Britain to which England holds so dearly. Any British business man in India will testify today what the unarmed Congress picketers, young men, women, and children, can do to damage British interests and to destroy British authority by the simple means of a boycott.

It is with this new weapon that the average Indian feels fully equipped; he is not willing to exchange this peaceful method of frustrating foreign domination for the cult of the bomb. That is why one is inclined to feel that reports of occasional violence may not disturb the general course of a peaceful revolution.

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